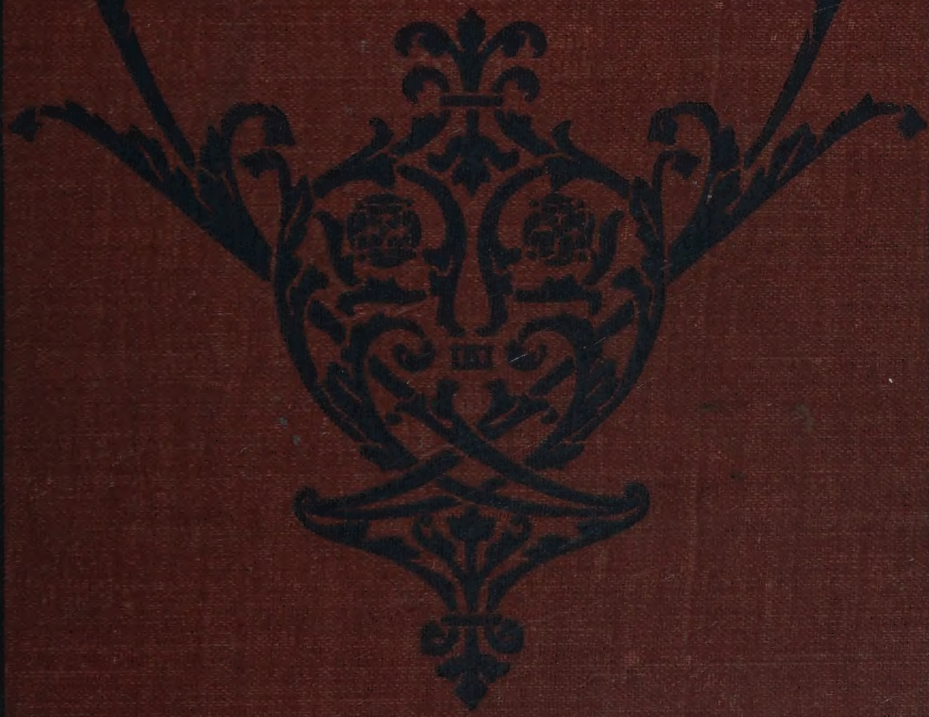
FIVE-BOOK SERIES

BROOKS'S READERS

FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS



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CHILDREN OF HOLLAND.

FIVE-BOOK SERIES

BROOKS'S READERS

FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

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BROOKS'S READERS. FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS.

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A SCHOOL IN BRITTANY.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS

HARK! the September bells are ringing. They are telling us that the summer vacation is ended, and that it is time for school to begin again. Do you hear them, little girl, little boy, calling to you this pleasant September morning?

"Over the round earth comes swinging,
Chiming and rhyming and strong,
Something like wonderful singing,
Singing a wonderful song.

"The little lad hears it, and straightway
He tucks his book under his arm;
The little lass runs through the gateway
To answer its joyous alarm."

Now the tramp, tramp of little feet and the sound of childish voices are heard all round the world. Children with fair faces and children with dark faces, yellow boys and girls on the other side of the globe, and little brown people in the islands of the sea, are on their way to school.

In the frozen north the little Alaskan boy goes far to reach his school. He sits on a sled, wrapped in furs, and drives his dogs for miles over the ice and snow. His schoolhouse is built with double walls of huge logs, and it is the most northern school over which floats the American flag.

Across the sea, among the sunny hills of Spain, there are other children who also travel long distances to their schools. Here are some of them, their dark eyes sparkling with merriment. They are riding to school in great panniers or baskets hung over the back of a mule. The sure-footed animal carries them safely over dangerous mountain paths, while the trusted mule driver runs along by its side.

All winter long the frozen canals of Holland are merry with the shouts and laughter of children skating over the ice to school. What fine fun

they have as they glide swiftly along, five or six of them in a row!

Before the sun is up the German children must be on their way to their lessons. While the lamps are yet lighted they hurry along the streets, each one carrying his books in a satchel strapped on his back.

When the Arab child first begins his schooldays he is dressed in rich garments, and he carries his book in a velvet bag. He rides a pony or a white donkey, and is met at the door of his home by the teacher and the pupils of the school.

The teacher, in flowing robes and a green turban, heads the procession, and the boys and girls sing Arabic hymns as they march along. The new pupil often brings gifts not only for his teacher but for all his schoolmates.

The boy of Japan on his first day at school wears gay robes and carries a fan and a large paper parasol. In a bright-colored bag hung on his arm is a jar of

rice for his luncheon. When he bids his teacher "Good morning," he kneels and bows his head to the ground to show his respect.

The Chinese boy must bring his own stool and table when he first enters school. He must also furnish everything that he needs for learning to write. He is taught to make his own ink by rubbing a block of India ink on a wet stone. Then with a brush he learns to write the thousands of strange characters in his language.

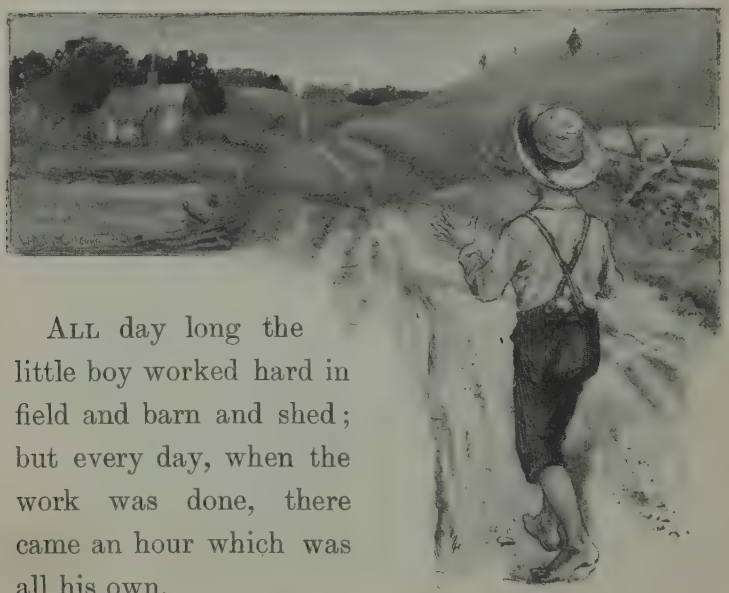
The boys of India find their schoolmaster seated on the ground under a tree, or in a large open porch upon a raised platform. The children sit or kneel on the floor, or on the ground, and sway their bodies back and forth as they study their lessons aloud. They learn to write by making their letters in the sand with a stick or with their fingers.

After a time they copy letters and words with wooden pens on the leaves of the palm tree. They sometimes make curious books by tying together long narrow strips of palm leaves.

In many countries the boys and the girls go to separate schools. A famous artist has painted a beautiful picture of a girls' school in Brittany, a country of northern France. How strange the children look in their queer white caps and their heavy wooden shoes!

In some parts of the world the schools are open all the year round, but in our country the children enjoy long vacations for play and for rest.

Every year the September sun shines down on millions of children going to school; and in every land the school children are the pride and the hope of their country.



All day long the little boy worked hard in field and barn and shed; but every day, when the work was done, there came an hour which was all his own.

At sunset the little boy used to go to the top of a hill near his home, and look across at another hill some distance away. On this far-off hill stood a house with gold and diamond windows. The yellow gold was as clear as glass, and the diamonds were as bright as the sun.

But it seemed to him as if some one always closed the shutters just at sunset, and covered the beautiful windows from his sight.

Then the little boy went home to his supper, wishing all the time that he could live in a house with golden windows.

One day the little boy's father called him and said, "You have been a good boy, and you have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave the day, and try and learn some good thing."

The little boy thanked his father, and kissed his mother. Then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and started off to find the house with the golden windows.

His bare feet made tracks in the white dust, and when he looked back the footprints seemed to be following him and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run as he pleased. He was very happy.

By and by the little boy was hungry. So he sat down by a brook that ran along by the roadside, and ate his bread and drank the clear water. He scattered crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and then he went on his way.

After a time the little boy came to a high, green hill. There, on the top of the hill, was the house he had come to find. At first he thought that the

shutters were closed, for he could not see the golden windows.

He went on until he came near the house, and then he could have wept. For there were no shutters, and the windows were of clear glass like any others.

A woman came to the door, and asked the little boy very kindly what he wanted.

"Last evening I saw your golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and now I have come here to see them. But I find that they are only glass."

The woman looked at him in wonder, and shook her head and smiled.

"We are poor people," she said, "and there is no gold about our windows. Besides, glass is better than gold to see through."

She asked the little boy to sit down on the doorstep, and she brought him a cup of milk and a cake. Then she called her little girl, and, leaving the two children together, she went back to her work.

The little girl wore a brown cotton dress, but her hair was golden, like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue, like the sky at noon.

She led the little boy about the farm, and showed

him her black calf with a white star on its forehead. He told her about his own calf at home, which had four white feet, and was red like a chestnut.

After they had played for a long time, the little boy asked her about the golden windows.

"You have taken the wrong way," she said. "Come with me, and I will show you the house you are looking for."

They went to a hill that rose behind the farm-house. As they walked along, the little girl told the little boy that the golden windows could be seen only at sunset.

"Yes, I have known that for a long time," said the little boy.

They reached the top of the hill and waited. Just as the sun was going down the little girl turned and pointed. There, on a hill far away, stood a house with windows of gold and diamonds. And when the little boy looked, he saw that the house was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he could stay no longer. He gave her a white pebble with a red band, and she gave him three horse chestnuts.

The little boy said "Good-by," but he did not tell the little girl what he had learned. Then he went

down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the little boy reached his father's house. But the lamplight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the far-off hilltop.

When he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him, and his father looked up and smiled.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his father.

"Yes, indeed," he answered, "I have had a very good day."

"And have you learned anything?"

"Oh, yes," said the little boy. "I have learned that the house I live in has windows of gold and diamonds."

—Laura E. Richards.

THE FIVE PEAS

There were five peas in one pod. The peas were green and the pod was green, and they thought all the world was green, and that was just as it should be.

The sun shone and warmed the pod, and the rain made it clear and bright. The pod grew and the peas grew, sitting all in a row.

"Are we to stay here forever?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside."

Days went by.

The pod turned yellow and the peas turned yellow, and they thought all the world was turning yellow. But just then the pod was torn from the stem by little hands. It fell into the pocket of a boy's jacket along with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon see daylight," said the peas, and that was just what they were waiting for.

Crack! our pod burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in the boy's hand. "What fine large peas!" he said. And he put one in his pea shooter and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world. Catch me if you can," said the first pea, and he was gone.

One by one, the peas were put in the pea shooter, and shot far up into the air.

"I shall fly straight to the sun," said the second pea. And away he went.

"We shall go to sleep wherever we are sent," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same."

"What is to be will be," said the last pea, and it

flew up to a garret window and dropped into a crack filled with moss and soft mold.

In the garret lived a poor woman who went away to work each day. At home in the little garret room lay her only child, who was too ill and weak to leave her bed.

"She is going to join her little sister in heaven," said the woman. But the little girl lay quiet all day long, and grew neither worse nor better.

One spring morning the sun shone brightly into the little room, and his rays fell across the floor. The child turned her eyes toward the light.

"I wonder what that green thing is peeping in at the window," she said. "See! it is waving in the wind."

The mother went to the window and opened it wide. "It is a little pea vine," she exclaimed, "and it has taken root. I wonder how it came here. The little plant will be a pleasure to you, my child."

The sick girl's bed was moved close to the window, so that she might watch the growing plant while her mother was away at work.

"Mother dear," she said one evening, "the little pea is growing so fast that I think I shall soon be well and go out into the warm sunshine."

"May God grant it," said the mother. She did not think it would be so, but she took care of the little plant, and tied a string to the window for it to climb on. And every day the little girl watched it grow.

"Here are some buds coming," the mother said one morning. A week later the pink flowers were in bloom.

The little girl sat upright in her bed. The window was open, and the sun shone brightly in. She bent over and gently kissed its tender leaves.

"The Heavenly Father has planted it and made it grow to be a joy to you and to me, dear child," said the glad mother; and she smiled down on the plant as if it had been a good angel.

But where did the other peas go?

The one that flew out into the wide world, saying, "Catch me if you can," fell on the roof and was eaten by a pigeon. The two lazy ones fell in the same place, and were also eaten by birds.

The fourth pea, which wished to go up into the sun, dropped into a ditch. There it lay until it swelled up and was nearly ready to burst.

"I'm growing very large and fat," it said. "I think no pea can do more than that. I am really the finest pea in the pod."

But the little girl stood at the garret window with sparkling eyes and the hue of health on her cheek. And she folded her thin hands over the pea blossom and thanked God for it.

— Hans Christian Andersen.

HOW CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT

A long time ago there lived a boy whose name was Cedric. His home was a stone hut at the foot of a high hill.

On the top of the hill was a grand old castle. It was the home of Sir Rollin, the brave, good knight. Cedric loved to see Sir Rollin and his noblemen come riding out of the castle yard.

One day Cedric was playing with his pet kitten. After a time they grew tired, and Cedric lay down on the grass to rest. The kitten ran into the dusty road, curled herself into a ball, and went to sleep.

Suddenly five knights came galloping down the hill. Cedric ran into the road and caught the kitten, just in time to save her from the feet of the horses.

The riders passed quickly by. One of them drew his rein and said to Cedric, "My little man, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day."

Cedric's heart was full of joy. "To be a knight some day! To be a knight some day!" he repeated. "Can I ever be a knight? Can I ever be a knight?"

When bedtime came, he fell asleep. He dreamed that he was a knight, riding a black horse, and that every one loved him because he was so good and kind.

In his dream he heard his mother call. He opened his eyes. The morning light was shining into his window. He was only little Cedric in his attic chamber!

Soon he was busy and happy. He helped his father water the cow and feed the horses. Then he washed the dishes and swept the room, for he always liked to help his mother.

By and by his mother sat down to sew. Cedric put his arms around her neck and told her what the knight had said.

"Do you think I can ever be a knight, mother?" he asked.

"Knights have many hard things to do," said his mother. "Sometimes their lives are in great danger. You are only a little boy, Cedric, but you can be kind and brave like a knight."

Weeks went by, and one summer evening the knights again passed Cedric's home. They had been to a terrible war, and they were returning to the castle. As they came near, one of them stopped and asked for a drink.

Cedric ran to bring cool water. The tired and dusty soldier took the cup and said, "Thank you, my little man."

"I am very glad to serve you," answered Cedric, quickly.

The noble rider smiled down upon him. "You are as kind as a knight, my boy," he said as he rode away.

Days passed into months and the winter came. When Cedric felt like being cross or rude, he thought of that summer evening. If he should do an unkind or selfish act, surely the brave knight's smile would change to a frown.

In a few years Cedric had grown to be a tall, manly boy. One day his father said: "Sir Rollin wishes a boy to live in the castle and be his page. Do you

think, wife, that our Cedric could do the work of a page?"

"Yes," said his mother. "I think he would try to do his duty. Perhaps, in time, he may learn to be a knight."

That very day his father went with Cedric to the castle. They were asked to enter a large room. The walls and floors were all of stone, and the windows small and high.

Sir Rollin came into the room. He was so tall and straight that he made Cedric think of a mountain pine tree.

For some time Sir Rollin talked with Cedric's father. Then he turned to the lad and said: "Would you like to be a knight, my boy? Are you sure you can do hard work? Will you remember to be always true and pure, kind and brave?"

"I am willing to try, sir," was Cedric's answer.

His father said good-by, and left his son in the castle. Cedric was shown to his room. It was a little cell, with one narrow window. His bed was a pile of straw, and his cover a sheepskin.

That night he had only coarse bread and a bowl of broth. He thought of his comfortable bed and good supper at home. But he wished to become a knight,

and he knew that he must learn to bear hard things.

Cedric soon found, too, that he had much hard work to do. He had to stand very straight and run very fast. He had to obey instantly like a soldier, and do errands quickly. And often he had to wait patiently for hours, without knowing why he waited.

But Cedric did his duty so well that Sir Rollin trusted him fully. He grew strong and tall, and when he visited his home, he smiled at the little bed in which he used to sleep.

One day Sir Rollin sent for Cedric, and said: "I wish you to carry a message to the king. Get ready quickly. Take my own gray horse. You must reach the king's palace before to-morrow night. Remember, I trust you."

The way to the palace lay through a dense forest. As Cedric rode along the dark road, he heard the growl of a wild beast. It was a wild boar with eyes like fire, and it was coming directly toward him.

Cedric had heard about this fierce beast, which had destroyed many cattle. No one had been able to kill it. "Now," Cedric thought, "I can do something for the people of my country."

He held his horse firmly with one hand. With the other hand he lifted his spear high in the air and hurled it at the wild boar.

His aim was true. The great beast rolled over on the ground, dead.

The road led out of the forest through a town. Here a crowd of boys were hooting at an old man. Cedric jumped from his horse and pushed his way into the crowd.

"How dare you treat an old man in this way?" he said.

Then he turned to the poor old man. "Will you come with me?" he asked gently. "I will place you on my horse, and I will not leave your side until you are safe at your own door."

By this kindness Cedric lost much time. He rode until late that night, and was up at dawn the next morning. The day grew warm, but he could not stop. At last he reached the palace. He was tired, warm, and hungry. But he was in time to give Sir Rollin's letter to the king.

In his letter Sir Rollin told the king that Cedric was brave and trustworthy. He also told him that the lad's greatest wish was to become a knight some day.

When the king saw the tall, straight lad with his frank, pure face, he made him a soldier in his army. For years Cedric served the king. He was sent on many dangerous journeys, and he fought in many battles.

At last, after years of faithful service, the king sent for him to come to the throne room of the

palace. When Cedric entered the room, there was the king on his throne. Beside him sat the queen, and about the room were the lords and ladies of the court.

"Come forward!" commanded the king.

Cedric kneeled down before the throne. The king struck him lightly on the shoulder with his sword, and said, "Rise, Sir Cedric." Then Cedric knew that he was a knight at last.

— Elizabeth Harrison.

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

Hark! hark! My children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue,
What do the stars sing in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle, through."

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed in whispering heaps together?
"We can keep the violets warm
Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away —
Sun or shadow, God is good."

BOB WHITE'S FAMILY.

BOB WHITE

THERE'S a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little mate and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

— GEORGE COOPER.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE GRASS

DOWN in the meadow we may find the homes of hundreds of strange little people. Let us go there and sit down quietly where the grass is higher than our heads, and where the red clover sends out long branches like tiny forest trees.

Listen! what a sound of hurrying and scurrying! What a fluttering of wings and rustling of leaves! The little people of the grass are hiding. They think that we are great giants who have no right to enter their land.

We wait, scarcely breathing. The summer sun shines down and the grasses bend and wave. We seem to be in a vast forest watching for wild animals. They are hidden in caves in the ground, under the leaves, and behind the trees.

Very still we sit as we watch every stem and leaf. See! there is something moving in the grass. It is dressed in a gray green suit and has big eyes and a straight mouth. Its face looks so much like a man's that it is sometimes called the little old man of the meadow.

GRASSHOPPER.

Wonderful to tell, this little old man has six legs, and two of them are very long indeed. Truly, he must belong to a family of high jumpers.

There! He draws up his hind legs, and such a jump! He has reached the highest grass blossom. Did you ever think how many times his own length a grasshopper can hop? If a boy could jump as

many times his height, he could leap over a house or to the top of the tallest tree.

But the little old man of the meadow can do something more than jump. Watch! and soon you will see him spread four beautiful wings and flutter from one stem to another.

What is the real name of the little old man that hops in the grass? Can you tell?

Here is one of the grasshopper's cousins wearing a shining black suit. He has just come out of a hole in the ground, and he stands in his own doorway as if thinking.

CRICKET.

And now, away he goes, hopping far out of sight among the grass blades. He, too, belongs to the family of high jumpers. Let us listen; for this jumper is said to carry a fiddle under his wings on which he plays when he sees no one watching him.

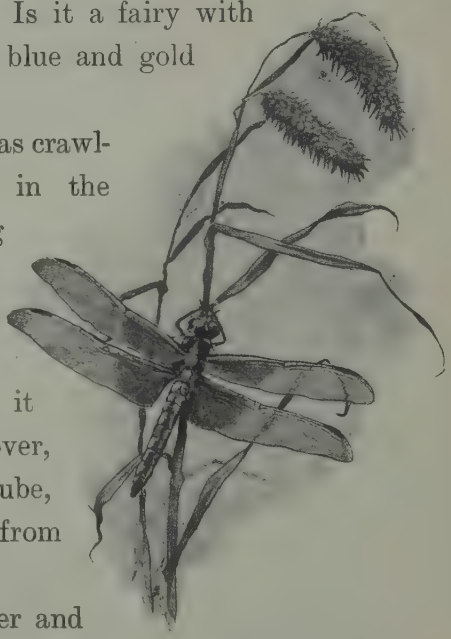
What little creatures are these running on the ground and up and down the grass stems? How their black coats shine as they run across the sunny places!

They are the little people of the ant city, and they

live in wonderful houses under the ground. They are wise little folks, as we sometime shall learn.

What comes now, fluttering in the sunny air above our heads? Is it a fairy with wonderful wings of blue and gold and black?

Not long ago it was crawling on the weeds in the meadow and eating the leaves. Then it was a caterpillar, but now we call it a butterfly. See, it lights on the clover, uncoils its long tube, and sucks honey from the tiny flowers.



Dragon Fly.

More wings flutter and more winged people of the meadow dance and circle over our heads. Flocks of white butterflies drift across the meadow. Golden-banded bees come to gather honey. And now and then a dragon fly with lacelike wings flits toward us from the pond in the meadow near by.

There are multitudes of little people that live in

the meadow grass or visit the clover bloom for sweets. And we may see them on any summer day if we will sit down among the tall grasses and wait silently with watchful eyes.

THE LITTLE LAND

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumble bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;

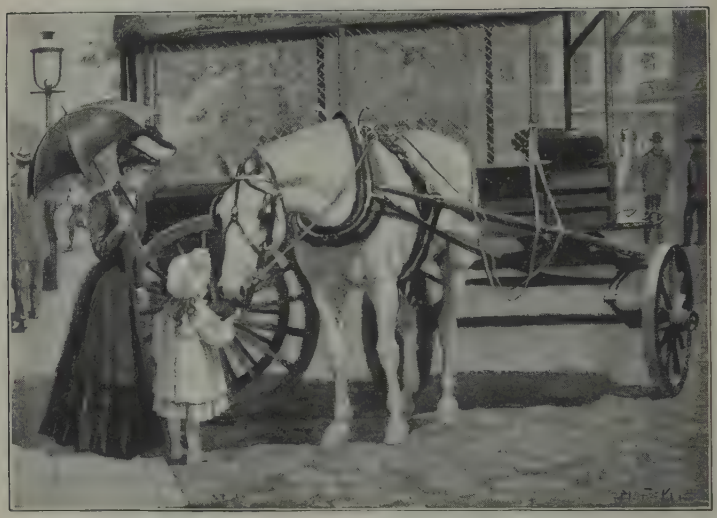
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet,
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass
  And on high
See the greater swallows pass
  In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through the forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;

Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
These have sure to battle been! —
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone; —
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain;
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door:
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time —
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.



BIG JACK

Big Jack is snowy white and has beautiful brown eyes. He is a giant among horses and he is very fond of children.

The great horse has many friends who always have a kind word for him. His driver carries him an apple every morning when he goes to the stable, and Jack knows just when to expect him.

After Jack has enjoyed his apple, he is let out of his stall for a frolic. He prances about like a colt until told to get a drink, when he at once marches to

the watering trough. A good breakfast follows, and then he is harnessed and is ready for the day's work.

He trots straight to the express office, and he knows just how the wagon should be backed up to the sidewalk to receive its daily load.

Then he settles down for a nap. He stands with his head hanging down and his eyes partly closed. But watch him. Soon one ear turns backward. He has heard the patter of little feet far up the street.

Slowly the great head is raised, and the eyes, a moment since so dull and sleepy, begin to beam with wonderful softness.

Now comes dancing along the street a little girl about four years of age, with brown curls waving and brown eyes sparkling. She skips and jumps as she holds her mother's hand, and chatters without a moment's pause.

No wonder Jack has heard her. She comes up from behind him very quietly and says softly, "Good morning, dear old Jack. Do you remember me?" The big horse steps closer to the sidewalk and waits patiently.

"Who likes sugar and how many lumps have I in my pocket for somebody?"

Jack hears the word "sugar," and his head comes down to the little girl's outstretched arms.

"Now, Jack," she continues, "before we can have any sugar we must shake hands."

Hardly are the words spoken when up comes old Jack's big right foot, and two little hands grasp his great ankle.

"That's a dear horse. Now find the buttons on my coat, — a lump of sugar for each button, you know."

Very gently the soft nose travels up the front of the little coat and a sly nip is given to the top button. The sugar is given, but before it has had time to slip down the huge throat, Jack has found the second button and won his second lump. There are four buttons in all and four lumps of sugar.

Nearly every day during the winter for almost two years Jack was visited by his little friend. But at length the child moved to another place far away.

Did Big Jack miss his morning visitor and his daily lumps of sugar? Who can say that he did not, even though other children knew and loved him?

After five years had passed the little girl returned to the city for a visit. Almost the first object that met her eyes was the big white horse standing in front of one of the stores.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the child, "do you think Jack will remember me? How I wish I had some sugar for the dear old fellow!" Her mother proposed that they buy a few lumps and test Big Jack's memory. The little girl walked up to the great horse and said, "Good morning, Jack."

Quick as a flash the great head was turned, and a soft whinny told of the old fellow's joy. No one could possibly doubt Big Jack's delight, and when he raised his right foot as of old, his little friend's joy knew no bounds.

"I wonder if he remembers all the tricks he used to know," said the child; then turning to the horse, she said, "Who loves sugar and how many lumps have I in my pocket for somebody?"

Alas! fashions had changed in five years. In vain poor Jack felt about for the buttons. He shook his head and stamped his foot. If the horse could have spoken, I believe he would have said, "Well, if I were in your place, I would go straight home and sew the buttons on my coat."

It may be hard to believe this story, but it is a true one, and the little girl herself will tell you so if you will ask her about Big Jack.

—Gabrielle E. Jackson.

THE PARTNERS

Once the fox and the bear made up their minds to go into partnership. They decided to have a field in common. Far away in the forest they found a small clearing, where they sowed rye the first year.

"Now we must share and share alike," said Reynard. "If you will take the roots for your portion, I will have the tops for my part."

"That seems like a fair bargain and I am quite willing," replied Bruin. But when they harvested the crop, the fox got all the golden grain, while the bear got nothing but the worthless roots.

The bear did not like this, but the fox said that it was only as they had agreed.

"This year I am the gainer," said Reynard. "Another year it will be your turn; you can then have the tops, and I will be satisfied with the roots."

When the next spring came, Reynard asked Bruin, "Do you not think that turnips would be the right thing for this year?"

"Yes, turnips are better food than rye," said the bear; and the fox thought the same.

When the autumn came, the fox took the turnips, leaving only the tops for his partner, the bear. At this Bruin became so angry that he parted company then and there with Reynard.

—P. C. Asbjörnsen.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

There was once an honest shoemaker who worked very hard at his trade; yet through no fault of his own he grew poorer and poorer. At last he had only just enough leather left to make one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather so as to be ready to make the shoes the next day.

He rose early in the morning, and went to his bench. But what did he see? There stood the pair of shoes, already made. The poor man could hardly believe his eyes, and he did not know what to think. He took the shoes in his hand to look at them closely. Every stitch was in its right place. A finer piece of work was never seen.

Very soon a customer came, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them. The shoemaker now had enough money to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. In the

evening he cut them out with great care, and went to bed early so that he might be up in good time the next day.

But he was saved all trouble; for when he rose in the morning, two pairs of well-made shoes stood in a row upon his bench.

Presently in came customers, who paid him a high price for the shoes, and with the money that he received he bought enough leather to make four pairs of shoes. Again he cut the work out overnight and again he found it finished in the morning.

The shoemaker's good fortune continued. All the shoes he cut out in the day were finished at night.

The good man rose early, and he was busy every moment of the day. Every pair found ready sale. "Never did shoes wear so long," said the buyers.

One evening, about Christmas time, the shoemaker said to his wife, "Let us watch to-night and see who it is that does this work for us."

So they left a light burning and hid themselves behind a curtain which hung in the corner of the room. As soon as it was midnight there came two little dwarfs. They sat down upon the shoemaker's bench and began to work with their tiny fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away. Never had the good shoemaker and his wife seen such rapid work.

The elves did not stop till the task was quite finished and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the shoemaker's wife said to her husband: "These little folk have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them a service in return. They must be cold, for they have nothing on their backs to keep them warm. I will make each of them a suit of clothes, and you shall make some shoes for them."

This the shoemaker was very glad to do. When the little suits and the new shoes were finished, they were laid on the bench instead of the usual work. Again the good people hid themselves in the corner

of the room to watch. About midnight the elves appeared. When they found the neat little garments waiting for them, they showed the greatest delight. They dressed in a moment, and jumped and capered and sprang about until they danced out of the door and over the green.

Never were they seen again, but everything went well with the shoemaker and his wife from that time forward as long as they lived.

—Grimm.

THE ANIMALS THAT BUILT A HOUSE

Once upon a time, there was a sheep, who was being fattened for killing. He had, therefore, plenty to eat, and he soon became round and fat. One day as the dairy maid was giving him some food, she said,

"You must eat all you can, for you will not be here very long. To-morrow we are going to kill you."

"There's an old saying, that no one should refuse to listen to good advice," thought the sheep to himself; "and perhaps I may escape being killed this time."

And so he went on eating. When he was quite

satisfied, he ran his horns against the door, burst it open, and set off to the neighboring farm. There he went to look for a pig with whom he was acquainted.

"Good day, and thanks for your kindness the last time we met," said the sheep to the pig.

"Good day and thanks to you," said the pig.

"Do you know why they make you so comfortable, and why they feed you and look after you so well?" said the sheep.

"No," said the pig.

"There are many mouths to feed on this farm, you must know," said the sheep; "and they are going to kill you and eat you."

"Are they?" said the pig. "Well, much good may it do them!"

"If you are of the same mind as I, we will go into the woods and build a house and live by ourselves. There is nothing like having a home of your own, you know," said the sheep.

Yes, the pig was quite willing. "It's good to be in fine company," said he, and off they started.

After they had gone a little way, they met a goose.

"Good day, my good people, and thanks for your

kindness the last time we met," said the goose. "Where are you going?"

"Good day, and thanks to you," said the sheep. "We are off to the woods to live by ourselves. In your own house you can always be your own master, you know," said he.

"Well, I'm very comfortable where I am," said the goose; "but why shouldn't I join you? Good company makes the day shorter."

"But neither hut nor house can be built by gabbling and quacking," said the pig. "What do you think you can do?"

"Good counsel and skill may do as much as a giant's will," answered the goose. "I can pluck moss and stuff it into the crevices, so that the house will be warm and comfortable."

"Come with us, then, by all means," said the pig, for he liked the place to be warm and cozy.

Very soon they met a hare, who came scampering out of the wood.

"Good day, my good people, and thanks for your kindness the last time we met," said the hare. "How far are you going to-day?"

"Good day, and thanks to you," said the sheep. "We are off to the woods to build a house and live

by ourselves. When you have tried both east and west, you'll find that a home of your own is by far the best."

"I have a home in every bush," said the hare. "But I have often said to myself in the winter that if I lived till the summer I should build a house; and so I have a good mind to go with you."

"Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we might take you with us to frighten the dogs away," said the pig. "You certainly could not help us build the house."

"There is always something for willing hands to do in this world," said the hare. "I have teeth to gnaw pegs with, and I have paws to knock them into the walls, so I'll do very well for a carpenter."

"Come with us, then, and help us build the house," they all said.

When they had gone a little farther on the way, they met a cock.

"Good day, my good people, and thanks for your kindness the last time we met," said the cock; "where are you all going to-day?"

"Good day and thanks to you," said the sheep; "we are off to the woods to build a house and live by ourselves. For unless at home you bake, you'll lose both fuel and cake."

"Well, I am comfortable enough where I am," said the cock, "but it's better to have your own roost than to sit on a stranger's perch and crow; and he is best off who has a home of his own. If I could join such fine company as yours, I too would like to go to the woods and build a house."

"Well, flapping and crowing is all very well for noise, but it won't cut down trees," said the pig. "How can you help us to build a house?"

"It is not well to live in a house where there is neither dog nor cock. I am early to rise and early to crow," said the cock.

"Yes, early to rise makes one wealthy and wise, so let him come with us!" said the pig, for he was always a heavy sleeper. "Sleep is a big thief, and steals half one's life," he said.

So they all set off to the woods and built the house. The pig cut down the trees and the sheep dragged them home. The hare was the carpenter, and gnawed pegs and hammered them into the walls and roof. The goose plucked moss and stuffed it into the crevices between the logs. The cock by his loud crowing took care that they did not oversleep themselves in the mornings. When the house was ready and the roof covered with birch bark and thatched

with turf, they could live by themselves, and they were all both happy and contented.

"It's pleasant to travel both east and west, but, after all, home is the best," said the sheep.

Within the wood two wolves had their den, and when they saw that a new house had been built near by, they wanted to know what kind of people they had for neighbors. "For," they said, "it is better to live among good neighbors than to be known far and wide."

So one of them made it his business to call and ask for the loan of some coals. The moment he came inside the door, the sheep rushed at him, and gave him such a butt with his horns that the wolf fell on his head upon the hearth. The pig snapped and bit, the goose nipped and pecked, and the cock flew up on a rafter and began to crow and cackle. The hare became so frightened that he scampered and jumped about, both high and low, from one corner of the room to the other.

At last the wolf managed to get out of the house.

"Well, to know one's neighbors is to add to one's wisdom," said the wolf who was waiting outside; "I suppose you had a grand reception, since you stayed

so long. But what about the fire? I see neither coals nor smoke."

"Such treatment I never met with before; but an unexpected guest must put up with what he gets. No sooner had I got inside the door than a shoemaker threw his last at me, and I fell on my head in the middle of the forge.

"There sat two smiths, blowing bellows and pinching me with red-hot tongs. A hunter rushed about the room looking for his gun, but as luck would have it, he couldn't find it. Up on the rafters sat some one beating his arms about and shouting, 'Let's hook him! Let's hook him! Sling him up! Sling him up!' and if he had got hold of me, I should never have escaped alive!" —P. C. Asbjörnsen.

THE OLD BOX TRAP

One day while Harold was playing in the attic he found a strange-looking box, and he took it down stairs to show to his grandfather.

"Well, well," said Grandfather, "you have found the old box trap. I made it when I was a boy, and I caught many a squirrel in it." Then he showed Harold how to set the trap and how to bait it.

In the afternoon Harold took the trap to the orchard and placed it upon the top of a stone wall. After carefully baiting it with an ear of corn he sat down to wait, for he expected that a squirrel would come along and be caught at once. But as no squirrel appeared he went home.

That night after he was in bed he thought of his trap. "I hope I'll have a squirrel in the morning," he said to himself, and with these words he fell asleep.

The next thing Harold knew he was walking in a beautiful forest. Presently he came to a great oak tree, where stood a fine little house. The door was wide open and he went in. There stood a table covered with candy.

Harold reached out his hand to take a piece of the candy, but no sooner had he touched it than the door of the house closed with a loud bang. He tried to open the door, but could find neither knob nor latch. He pushed upon it with all his might, but it would not move. Then he ran to the windows. They were covered with iron bars. He walked up and down the room shouting for help.

"Father! Father! Mother! Mother!" he cried; "come and help me. I am caught in a terrible house, and I cannot get out."

The more he cried and pounded the more frightened he became. He shook the bars of the windows and bit them with his teeth until he fell down, too tired to move.

Then he heard a noise like the sound of a great army marching. He looked out of the window and saw coming through the woods a giant as tall as the tallest trees.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the giant, nearer and nearer, and the ground shook at every step he took. Then the little house was lifted high in the air, and Harold saw, in terror, a great eye looking at him through the window.

"Oh, ho!" roared the giant. "I have caught you at last. I'll take you home, and the children shall have you to play with. You did not know what a box trap was, did you? You thought it was a little house!" And the giant laughed until the woods rang.

Then he walked away carrying the house, and taking such long steps that Harold was tumbled about in a most uncomfortable manner.

The giant waded across a wide river and climbed a steep mountain. At last he stopped in front of a great cave, and thumped upon a rock.

Very soon a giantess, nearly as large as the giant,

came out of the cave bringing a baby in her arms. She opened the door of the trap and peeped in. "Take the boy out, Thunderbolt," she said, "and let me see him." The giant reached in and took Harold in his great hand.

"See how he trembles," said the giantess. "He is frightened almost to death. But he is a pretty little thing for the baby to play with. You don't suppose that he will bite, do you, Thunderbolt?"

"Oh, no!" roared Thunderbolt, in tones like the deepest thunder.

Presently the baby reached out his hand, and the giantess gave him the boy to hold. Harold thought that he would surely be squeezed to death; but the giantess came to his rescue and put him back into the great trap.

The giant baby began tumbling the little house about to amuse himself. Over and over it rolled, and the boy inside was thrown about in great pain and terrible fright. Suddenly he felt himself falling down the mountain side.

The next minute he was sitting up in his own bed, and the morning sun was streaming in at the window. The box trap and the dreadful giants had all been a bad dream.

As soon as breakfast was over Harold ran to the orchard. There was his trap, the door was shut, and inside was a beautiful gray squirrel trembling with fear!

"What a beauty!" said Harold. "I shall keep

him in a cage and have him to play with!" But he remembered his dream, and then he lifted the door of the trap. With a quick leap and a patter of small feet upon the wall, the squirrel scampered away to the maple grove.

—Clarence Hawkes.

DICK WHITTINGTON

I

In an old English tale we read about a boy who lived many years ago. His name was Richard Whittington, but everybody called him Dick. His father and mother died when he was so young that he did not remember them at all. He had no home and was a ragged little fellow running about the streets of a country village.

Dick was not old enough to work, and so he had a hard time of it, indeed. Sometimes he had no breakfast; sometimes he had no dinner; and he was glad at any time to get a crust of bread or a drop of milk. In spite of all this Dick grew to be a very bright boy, and he was always honest and truthful.

Now the town where Dick lived was not very far from London, and the people liked to talk about the great city. None of them had ever been to London, but they seemed to know all about the wonderful things that were to be seen there.

They said that the people in London did not need to work; that they were always laughing and singing, and nobody was ever hungry or cold. And still

more wonderful, they said that the streets were paved with gold.

Dick listened to these stories and longed to go to London. One day a large wagon drawn by eight fine horses with bells on their heads was driven into the little town. When Dick saw this wagon he thought that it must be going to the great city of London. So he asked the driver to let him walk to London by the side of the wagon.

When the driver learned that Dick was very poor, and that he had neither father nor mother, he told the lad that he might go if he wished.

It was a long walk for the little fellow, but at last they came to London. Dick was in a great hurry to see the wonderful sights of the city. He thanked the driver of the wagon and ran from one street to another hoping every moment to come to those paved with gold. He saw many people hard at work, but he saw no golden streets.

Once or twice in his life Dick had seen a piece of money made of gold, and knew that it would buy a great many things. Now he thought if he could only take up some little bits of the pavement, he would be able to buy everything that he wanted. Poor Dick ran until he was tired. At last it began

to grow dark, and in every street there was only dirt instead of gold. Nowhere could he find the golden pavements. He sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

In the morning he woke up very hungry, but there was not even a crust of bread for him to eat. He thought now only of food, and asked every one he met to give him a penny to buy something to eat.

Nobody stopped to speak to him, and the poor boy grew weak for want of food. At last he grew so faint and tired that he could go no farther. He sat down on the steps of a fine house to rest, and wished that he were back again in the little town where he was born.

Just at that time the owner of the house came home to dinner, and saw the ragged little fellow asleep on the steps.

"My lad, what are you doing here? Wake up, my boy. Why don't you go to work?"

"I should like to work if I could find anything to do," said Dick, "but I don't know where to look for work. I have not had anything to eat for a long time."

"Poor little fellow! Come with me, and I will see what I can do for you." The kind merchant

took Dick into the house, where he was given a good dinner, and put to work in the kitchen.

Dick would have lived very happily in this new home if the old cook had not been so cross. She found fault with him, and scolded him from morning till night. But at last little Alice, his master's daughter, heard how the poor little kitchen boy was treated, and she asked the cook to be kind to the lad.

From this time Dick was not treated so unkindly, and he would have been quite happy if it had not been for another trouble. His bed was in a garret at the top of the house, far away from other people. The floor was full of holes, and every night rats and mice kept him awake by running over his face. They tormented him so much that he tried to think of some way to get rid of them.

One day a gentleman gave him a penny for cleaning his shoes. Dick thought a long time about the best way to spend it. At last he made up his mind that he would buy a cat with the money.

The very next day he went out into the street and saw a girl carrying a cat in her arms.

"I will give you a penny for your cat," said Dick. "Will you take it?"

"Yes," said the girl, "you may have her for a penny. She is worth more than that, for she knows how to catch rats and mice."

So Dick bought the cat, and took her to the garret. Every day he carried a part of his dinner to her, and it was not long before she had driven all the rats and mice away. Then the little fellow could sleep soundly every night.

II

Soon after this a ship belonging to Dick's master was about to start on a voyage across the sea. It was loaded with goods which were to be sold in other lands far away. The master called his servants together and asked if they had anything they would like to send out in the ship for trade. He wanted to give his servants a chance for a good fortune, too.

Every one had something to send out in the ship —every one but Dick. As he had neither money nor goods he did not meet with the others.

Alice, the merchant's daughter, guessed why Dick did not come in with the rest of the servants, and sent for him. When the boy came into the room the merchant said, "Well, Dick, what are you going to send out on the ship?"

"I have nothing in the world," Dick answered, "but a cat which I bought some time ago for a penny. But I should not like to part with her."

"Go and get your cat, my lad. We will send her out on the ship. She may bring you some profit, — who knows?"

With tears in his eyes poor Dick carried puss down to the ship and gave her to the captain. Everybody laughed at the boy for sending off a cat to be sold. But little Alice felt sorry for him and gave him some money to buy another cat.

After this the old cook used him more cruelly than ever. She was always either scolding him, or making fun of him for sending his cat to sea.

At last Dick could not bear the cook's abuse any longer, and made up his mind to go back to his old home. So he packed up his few possessions and very early one morning started off. After walking some distance he sat down on a stone which to this day is called "Whittington's Stone."

While he sat there, wondering what it was best for him to do, the church bells began to ring. As he listened they seemed to say to him.

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said Dick to himself. "Well, well, I would put up with almost anything to be Lord Mayor of London. I will return and let the old cook scold and cuff me as much as she pleases."

Dick hurried back to the merchant's house and was lucky to get into the kitchen before the old cook came downstairs. In fact she never knew that he had been away.

The ship with the cat on board was a long time at sea. It was at last driven by the winds to a strange land where the people had never seen any white men before. They came in crowds to visit the ship, and to buy the fine things with which it was loaded.

It was not long before the king of the country invited the captain to visit him. When the captain reached the king's palace he was shown into a beauti-

ful room, and given a seat on rich carpets embroidered with gold and silver thread.

The king and queen were seated not far away, and soon many fine dishes filled with good things to eat were set before them. They had hardly begun to eat when a great many rats and mice rushed into the room and ate everything that was in the dishes. The captain wondered greatly at this, and asked the king, "Why do you let the rats come into the palace in this way?"

"I cannot keep them out," the king replied. "I would give half of my treasure if I could get rid of them."

The captain jumped for joy, for he remembered Dick Whittington's cat. "I have a wonderful animal on board the ship which will kill all your rats and mice," he said.

"Bring the creature to me," said the king. "If she will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold."

Away went the captain down to the ship to get the cat, while the king and queen had another dinner made ready. The captain with the cat in his arms reached the palace just as the guests were about to be served. In rushed the rats and mice. As soon as the cat saw them she jumped from the captain's

arms, and in a few minutes killed many of them. The rest scampered away in fright and did not dare to come back again.

The king and queen were delighted, and wished to own the wonderful creature that had done them so great a service. The king at once made a bargain with the captain for all the goods on board the ship, and then gave for the cat ten times as much money as he had given for everything else on the ship.

The captain then bade the king and queen good-by, and set sail for England. The good ship was soon safe at home, and the honest captain hastened to see its owner. He quickly told the story of the cat, and showed all the gold that the king and queen had sent to poor Dick in payment for her. As soon as the merchant heard this he called to one of his servants and said, "Send for Dick. And pray call him Mr. Whittington."

The servant found Dick scouring pots and kettles in the kitchen. When the lad came in the merchant told him how the captain had sold his cat and brought in return great riches. Then he opened the box and showed Dick his treasure. "All this is yours," said the merchant. "Your riches are now far greater than mine, and I wish you may long enjoy them."

DICK'S TREASURE.

Poor Dick was so happy that he did not know what to say or do. He begged his master to take part of his treasure, but the good man said: "No, no. It is all your own, and I have no doubt you will make good use of it."

Dick then offered some of the jewels to his mistress, and he also asked Alice to accept a portion of them. They told him how happy they were because of his good fortune, and that he must keep it all for his own.

But the boy was too kind-hearted to keep everything for himself. He made a present to the captain and the sailors, and to each of his master's servants, even to the cross old cook.

After a few years had passed there was a fine wedding at one of the finest churches in London, and Miss Alice became the wife of Mr. Richard Whittington. They lived in great splendor and were very happy. Far and near they were known and loved for their kind deeds.

So it was not long before Richard Whittington became one of the foremost men in London, and in good time he was thrice Lord Mayor of the great city. — *Old English Tale.*

THE SILVER BOAT

THERE is a boat upon a sea;
It never stops for you or me.
The sea is blue, the boat is white;
It sails through winter and summer night.

The swarthy child in India land
Points to the prow with eager hand;
The little Lapland babies cry
For the silver boat a-sailing by.

It fears no gale, it fears no wreck;
It never meets a change or check
Through weather fine or weather wild
The oldest saw it when a child.

Upon another sea below
Full many vessels come and go;
Upon the swaying, swinging tide
Into the distant worlds they ride.

And strange to tell, the sea below,
Where countless vessels come and go
Obeys the little boat on high
Through all the centuries sailing by.

– SELECTED.

A PAGE OF RIDDLES

AN EGG

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with hangings soft as silk;
Within a fountain, crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

THE VOWELS

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
The other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you would pursue,
It can never fly from you.

—Jonathan Swift.

COAL

Guess a riddle now you must;
Stone is fire, and fire is dust;
Black is red, and red is white;
Come and view the wondrous sight.

A GOOD MARKSMAN

THERE was once a boy who was very fond of shooting. Every day he practiced with his air gun and bow and arrow. His hand was steady, and his aim became so sure that he could hit almost everything that he tried to shoot. He was proud of his skill and liked nothing better than to be called a good marksman.

Near his home a bird had built her nest and hatched her little ones. Five small mouths, always open wide for food, kept her busy at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there over fields and woods and roads searching for food. Her mate had been killed while she was sitting on her eggs, and now the little mother was compelled to do the work of two.

It was wonderful how many worms and flies and bugs those five small birds could eat, yet they were always hungry and always calling for more. But the mother bird never let them want, not even the smallest and weakest one in the nest, although he could not call as loudly as the others.

One day after she had picked up a worm, she perched for a moment on a fence to rest. Just

then the good marksman saw her. "What a fine shot!" he said as he aimed his air gun.

The bird fell to the ground with a sharp stinging pain in her side. But even in her great distress she did not forget her young. Fluttering and limping she dragged herself to the foot of the tree in which her nest was hidden. She chirped to her little ones, and they chirped back loudly. She knew that they were calling her, but she could not fly up to them although she tried again and again.

All day long the mother bird lay in terrible pain upon the grass, yet she chirped bravely to her children in answer to their hungry cries. As the hours went by, her voice grew fainter and weaker, and at last she could no longer make a sound.

Some time in the night the poor bird died, and in the morning she lay quite cold upon the grass, her head turned toward the nest where her little ones were crying with hunger.

But the young birds did not die so soon. The night was cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast. In the morning they put up their yellow bills to be fed, but there was no one to feed them. At last their hungry calls ceased, and they died one after another.

And so the good marksman had killed six birds with one shot, — the mother and her five young ones.

Do you think he would be proud of his skill if he knew the bird's side of the story?

— Joseph Kirkland.

THE BROWNIES

I

"Children are a burden," said the tailor, as he sat on his bench stitching away.

"Children are a blessing," said the old lady, in the window.

It was the tailor's mother who spoke. She was a very old woman and nearly helpless. All day she sat in a large armchair knitting rugs.

"What have my two lads ever done to help me?" continued the tailor, sadly. "They do nothing but play. If I send Tommy on an errand, he loiters. If I ask him to work, he does it so unwillingly that I would rather do it myself. Since their mother died I have indeed had a hard time."

At this moment the two boys came in, their arms full of moss which they dropped on the floor.

"Is there any supper, Grandmother?" asked Tommy.

"No, my child, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow."

"Oh, Grandmother, we are so hungry!" and the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"What can I do for you, my poor children?" said the good woman.

"Tell us a story, please, so that we can forget we are hungry. Tell us about the Brownie that used to live in your grandfather's house. What was he like?"

"Like a little man, they say."

"What did he do?"

"He came early in the morning before any one in the house was awake, and lighted the fire and swept the room and set out the breakfast. He never would be seen and was off before they could catch him. But they often heard him laughing and playing about the house."

"Did they give him any wages, Grandmother?"

"No, my dear, he did the work for love. They always set a pan of clear water for him, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk."

"Oh, Grandmother, where did he go?"

"The Old Owl in the woods knows, I do not. When I was young many people used to go to see

the Old Owl at moonrise, and ask her what they wanted to know."

"How I wish a Brownie would come and live with us!" cried Tommy.

"So do I," said Johnnie.

"Will you let us set out a pan of water for the Brownie, Father?" asked Tommy.

"You may set out what you like, my lad, but you must go to bed now."

The boys brought out a pan of water. Then they climbed the ladder to the loft over the kitchen.

Johnnie was soon in the land of dreams, but Tommy lay awake thinking how he could find a Brownie and get him to live in the house. "There is an owl that lives in the grove," he thought. "It may be the Old Owl herself. When the moon rises I'll go and find her."

II

The moon rose like gold and went up in the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes and ran to the window. "The moon has risen," said he, "and it is time for me to go." Downstairs he crept softly and out into the still night.

"Hoot! hoot!" cried a voice from the grove

near the house. "That's the Old Owl, I do believe," thought Tommy. He ran to a big tree and looked up. There sat an owl blinking at him with yellow eyes.

"Come up, come up," she said.

Tommy climbed the tree and sat face to face with the Old Owl.

"Now, what do you want to know?" she asked.

"Please," said Tommy, "can you tell me where to find the Brownies and how to get one to come and live with us?"

"Oohoo! oohoo!" said the Owl, "I know of two Brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy; "where do they live?"

"In your house; in your own house."

"In our house!" exclaimed Tommy. "Where? No one does any work in our house except father."

"They are idle, they are idle," said the Old Owl.

"Then we don't want them," said Tommy. "What is the use of having Brownies in the house if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know what to do."

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy. "I could tell them what to do."

"Could you, could you? Oohoo! oohoo!" and Tommy could not tell whether the Owl was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could. They might get up early in the morning and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table before my father comes downstairs."

"So they might!" said the Owl. "Well, I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies, and he can tell you where to find his brother. Go to the north side of the pond, where the moon is shining on the water, turn yourself around three times, while you say this charm: —

"'Twist me and turn me and show me the Elf —
I looked in the water and saw —'

Then look in the water, and think of a word which rhymes with 'elf' and makes the charm complete."

Tommy knew the place very well. He ran to the

north side of the pond, and, turning himself around three times, he repeated the charm. Then he looked in and saw — himself.

"Why, there's no one but myself. I can't think of the right word. What can it be? I'll go back and ask the Old Owl," thought Tommy. And back he went. There sat the owl as before.

"Oohoo," said she, as Tommy climbed up. "Did you find out the word?"

"No," said Tommy, "I could find no word that rhymes with 'elf' except 'myself.'"

"Well, that is the word! Now, do you know where your brother is?"

"In bed in the loft," said Tommy.

"Then all your questions are answered. Good night," and the Old Owl began to shake her feathers.

"Don't go yet," said Tommy, humbly; "I don't understand you. I am not a Brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are, and a very idle one, too," said the Old Owl. "All children are Brownies."

"But are there really no Brownies except children?" inquired Tommy, in a dismal tone.

"No, there are not. Now listen to me, Tommy. The Brownies are little people and can only do little

things. When they are idle and mischievous they are called Boggarts, and they are a burden to the house they live in. When they are thoughtful and useful they are Brownies, and are a blessing to every one."

"I'll be a Brownie," said Tommy. "I won't be a Boggart. Now I'll go home and tell Johnnie."

"I'll take you home," said the Owl, and in a moment Tommy found himself in bed, with Johnnie sleeping by his side.

III

"How quickly we came," said Tommy to himself. "That is certainly a very wise Old Owl. But is it morning? That is very strange! I thought the moon was shining. Come, Johnnie, get up, I have a story to tell you." And while his brother was rubbing his eyes Tommy told him of his visit to the Old Owl out in the grove.

"Is that all true?" asked Johnnie.

"It is all just as I tell you, and if we don't want to be Boggarts, we must get up and go to work."

"I won't be a Boggart," said Johnnie, and so the two Brownies crept softly down the ladder into the kitchen. "I will light the fire," said Tommy. "And

you, Johnnie, can dig some potatoes to roast for breakfast." They swept the room and laid the table. Just as they were putting the potatoes in a dish they heard footsteps.

"There's father," said Tommy; "we must run." And back to bed they went.

The poor tailor came wearily down the stairs. Morning after morning he had found an untidy room and an empty table. But now when he entered the kitchen, he looked around in great surprise. He put his hand out to the fire to see if it was really warm. He touched the potatoes and looked at the neat room. Then he went to the door and shouted, "Mother, mother! boys, boys, the Brownie has come!"

There was great excitement in the small house, but the boys said nothing. All day the tailor talked about the Brownie. "I have often heard of the Good People," he said, "but this is wonderful. To come and do the work for a pan of cold water! Who would have believed it?"

"You might have believed it long before this if you had listened to me," said the old grandmother.

The boys said nothing until they were both in bed. Then Tommy said: "The Old Owl was right, and we

must stick to the work if we don't want to be Boggarts. But I don't like to have father thinking that we are still idle. I wish he knew that we are the Brownies."

"So do I," said Johnnie.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Tommy; "after we have gone on working for a while I shall tell him."

Day after day went by and still the boys rose early, and each day they found more and more to do. The Brownies were the joy of the tailor's life.

One day a message came for the tailor to make a suit of clothes in a farmhouse several miles away. When his work was finished the farmer paid him at once, and the farmer's wife gave him a coat to make over for his boys. As he came near his home he saw that the yard was clean and the garden weeded. "It's that blessed Brownie!" he exclaimed; "and I shall make a suit of clothes for him."

"If you make clothes for the Brownie, he will leave the house," said the grandmother.

"Not if the clothes are a good fit, mother. I shall measure them by Tommy, for they say the Brownies are about his size."

At last a fine new suit with brass buttons was finished and laid out for the Brownie.

"Don't the clothes look fine?" said Tommy, when he came down in the morning; "I shall try them on."

The tailor rose earlier than usual that day, as he

was determined to catch a glimpse of the Brownies if possible. He stepped softly downstairs. There was Johnnie sweeping the kitchen floor, and Tommy dancing about in the new suit.

"What does this mean?" shouted the father.

"It's the Brownies," said the boys.

"This is no joke," cried the tailor angrily. "Where are the real Brownies, I say?"

"We are the only Brownies, father," said Tommy.

"I can't understand this. Who has been sweeping the kitchen lately, I should like to know?"

"We have," said the boys.

"Who gets the breakfast and puts my things in order?"

"We do! we do!" they shouted.

"But when do you do it?"

"Early in the morning before you come down," said they.

"But if you do the work," cried the tailor, "where is the Brownie?"

"Here," cried the boys; "we are the Brownies, and we are sorry that we were Boggarts so long."

Great was the joy of the father to find how helpful his boys had become. The old grandmother, however, could hardly believe that a real Brownie had not been in the house. But as she sat in her chair day after day watching the boys at their work she often repeated her favorite saying, "Children are a blessing." — Juliana Horatia Ewing.

FOREST SONG

A song for the beautiful trees,
A song for the forest grand,
The Garden of God's own hand,
The pride of His centuries.
Hurrah! for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green.

A song for the palm, the pine,
And for every tree that grows,
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah! for the warders proud
Of the mountain side and vale,
That challenge the thunder cloud
And buffet the stormy gale.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forests sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.
Hurrah! for the beautiful trees!

Hurrah! for the forest grand,
The pride of His centuries,
The Garden of God's own hand.

— W. H. VENABLE.

THE OAK

A SONG to the oak,
The brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.
Here's health and renown
To his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown
When the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might
On a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak!
The brave old oak!
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he,
A hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

— H. F. CHORLEY.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS

Old stories tell us that in far-away Greece there once lived a young man by the name of Narcissus, and that in all the land there was no youth so beautiful as he. His eyes were as blue as the sea at

noontide, and his hair was as yellow as the golden locks of Apollo.

But Narcissus loved only himself. He had no wish to share in the labors of his fellow-men, and in his selfishness he forgot their sorrows. He wan-

dered far from the abodes of men, and in the deep shadows of the forest he found a spring. Its waters were as clear as the crystal dewdrop and as still as the blue depths of the sky above.

Leaning down to drink of the pure water he saw his image reflected in the mirror of its surface. Startled at the sight he looked again, and again the beautiful face smiled back at him.

"It is my own face!" he said. "I am Narcissus the beautiful; truly, in all Greece there is none like unto me."

He cared not for the birds nor the blossoms; he heard not the songs of birds nor the laughter of the wood nymphs. Again and again the voice of Echo called to him from the hills, but he answered not.

In sunlight and in moonlight he lingered by the spring, seeing nothing but his own fair image in the water. As day after day passed by he grew more slender and more pale.

At last the gods, looking down upon his useless life, changed him to a flower, and the blossom, bending and nodding on its slender stem, was as white as the pale cheek of the youth and as yellow as his flowing hair. And in memory of his beauty the flower is still called Narcissus.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Once upon a time, but no one knows when or where, there lived a very rich king, whose name was Midas. He had one little daughter, whom he loved very dearly, and whose name was Marigold.

King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world, except this little maiden. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he seek for wealth.

If ever he happened to gaze at the golden clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marigold ran to meet him with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "These flowers would be well worth plucking if they were only as golden as they look."

Midas was in his treasure room one day, enjoying the sight of his vast stores of gold, when a stranger appeared before him.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas," he said. "I suppose no other room on earth contains so much gold as you have piled up in this room."

"I have done pretty well — pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone.

"What!" exclaimed the stranger; "then you are not satisfied. Tell me what you wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas; "I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold."

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed the stranger. "But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How can it fail to do so?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret asking for it?"

"Never!" cried Midas. "Nothing more is needed to make me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand. "To-morrow at sunrise you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

In the morning, when the first sunbeam shone through the window, it glittered in a curious way on the white covering of the bed. What was the delight of the king when he found that the linen had been changed to the purest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam.

Midas started up in joy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became a golden pillar. He pulled aside a window curtain, and the tassel changed to a mass of gold in his hand. He took up a book, and turned over the leaves; at once it became a bundle of thin

gold plates, on which the words of the book could no longer be read.

He put on his clothes, and found himself dressed in cloth of gold, which he felt to be somewhat heavy. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marigold had hemmed for him. That also became gold, with his dear child's neat stitches running all along the border in gold thread. Somehow, this last change did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's work should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

In the garden he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom. Midas went from bush to bush, touching each one as he passed, until every flower and bud was changed to gold. By the time this work was done, the morning air had given him an appetite for breakfast, so he went back to the palace.

II

King Midas sat at table waiting for Marigold. She was crying bitterly as she came into the room, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady?" cried Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you this bright morning?"

Marigold held out her hand, with one of the roses which Midas had turned into gold.

"Beautiful!" cried her father. "And what is there in this splendid golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father, it is not beautiful. It is the ugliest flower that ever grew. As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you. But, oh, dear, dear me! all the beautiful roses are spoilt. They are all quite yellow, as you see this one, and they have no fragrance."

"Do not cry about it, my dear little girl," said Midas. "Sit down and eat your breakfast."

Meanwhile he poured out a cup of coffee, and lifted it to his lips. He was astonished to find that the instant his lips touched the coffee it became molten gold, and the next moment it hardened into a lump.

He took a nice little trout on his plate, and carefully touched its tail with his finger. To his horror it was at once changed. Its little bones were now golden wires, and its fins and tail were thin plates of gold.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast."

He took one of the smoking hot cakes, and then

helped himself to a boiled egg. Alas! both were changed into hard yellow gold. Hoping that by being very quick he might manage to get something to eat, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and

attempted to cram it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry.

But the Golden Touch was too quick for him. He found his mouth full of hot metal, which so burned his tongue that he roared aloud. Jumping up from the table, he began to dance and stamp about the room with pain and fright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marigold,

"pray, what is the matter? What has happened to you? Have you burned your mouth?"

"Ah, my dear child," answered Midas, sadly, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

Wishing to comfort him, pretty Marigold jumped up from her chair, and, running to her father, threw her arms around him. King Midas bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than what he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious Marigold!" cried he.

But Marigold made no answer. The moment the lips of Midas touched her forehead a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face became of a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops on her cheeks. Little Marigold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue.

III

Poor King Midas! He stood at first dumb with despair. Then he began to wring his hands, and cried, "Would that I were the poorest man in all the wide world, if only my dear child were restored to me!"

Suddenly, in the midst of his despair, he beheld the stranger standing near the door.

"Well, friend Midas," said he, "pray, how are you getting on with the Golden Touch?"

"I am very miserable," said he. "I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have learned something since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth most — the Golden Touch, or one cup of cold water?"

"Oh, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never cool my burning throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marigold — warm, soft, and loving as she was an hour ago?"

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have done anything to hurt her, not even for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the stranger, looking calmly at him. "Your heart,

I see, is not now filled with the love of gold. Tell me, do you really wish to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that flows past the bottom of your garden. Take also a jar of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you wish to change back again from gold to its former state. If you do this, you may undo the mischief of which your greed has been the cause." King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head the stranger was gone.

Midas lost no time in catching up a great earthen pitcher, — no longer earthen after he touched it. He hastened to the riverside, and plunged into the stream at once, without even waiting to pull off his shoes.

Then he dipped his pitcher into the water, and was glad to see it change from gold into the good earthen vessel which it had been before. A cold, heavy weight seemed to be lifted from his heart. The love of gold had left him, and he was no longer a miser, but a man.

King Midas hastened back to his palace. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to

sprinkle the water by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marigold. No sooner did it fall on her than the rosy color came back to her cheeks, and she began to sneeze and sputter. She was astonished to find that she was dripping wet, and that her father was throwing water over her!

"Pray, do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning." For Marigold did not know that she had been a little golden statue.

Her father did not care to tell his dear child how foolish he had been; but he led her into the garden, and sprinkled the rest of the water over the rose-bushes, and gave the roses back their bloom.

King Midas never forgot the Golden Touch. Ever after the sands of the river sparkled with gold, and little Marigold's hair had a golden tinge which he had never observed before she was changed into a golden image.

When King Midas had grown to be quite an old man, he used to trot Marigold's children on his knee and tell them this wonderful story. And then he would stroke their glossy curls and tell them that their hair, like their mother's, had been touched with gold.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

HAIL TO THE HARVEST

All hail to merry autumn days that color all the leaves,
And make them all so beautiful that no one o'er them grieves.
All hail the merry harvest time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer.

—Charles Dickens.

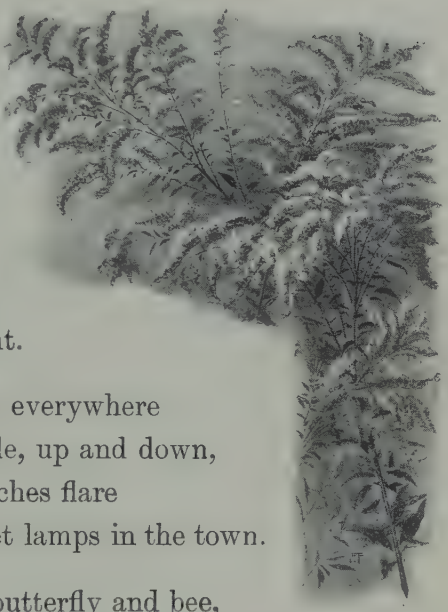
A THANKSGIVING

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

GOLDEN-ROD



Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

— Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE FROG AND THE OX

An ox, drinking in a pond, set his foot upon a young frog and crushed him to death.

The brothers and sisters of the frog, who were swimming about in the water, went quickly to their mother to tell her what had happened.

"Oh, mother," they cried, "an enormous black beast came into the pond and crushed our brother to death with one of his great feet."

The old mother frog was very proud of her size, for she was the largest frog in the pond. "How big was the cruel beast?" she asked. "Was he as big as this?" and she began to puff herself out.

"Oh, bigger, bigger, a hundred times bigger," said all the little frogs together.

"Was he as big as this?" gasped the mother frog, blowing herself out even larger than before.

"Oh, very, very much larger," they answered, "a thousand times larger, a thousand times larger!"

Once more the silly old frog tried to swell her body to a larger size. In her effort to become bigger than she was made to be, she puffed and blew until at last she burst.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

A boy was once left to watch a flock of sheep feeding on a hill. Not far away were some laborers busy at work in the fields.

"Now I will have some sport," thought the boy, and he shouted as loud as he could: "Help! Help! the wolves are carrying off my lambs!"

Once, twice, three times, the men left their work and ran to help the boy, but he only laughed at them for their pains.

At last a wolf really did come, and the boy cried again for help. But he shouted in vain.

And thus by the loss of his flock, he learned that those who do not always speak the truth will not be believed at any time.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

Some idle boys were once amusing themselves by throwing stones at the frogs that were swimming about in a pool of water.

At last one of the frogs put his head above the water. "Boys," he said, "throwing stones at frogs may be fun for you, but do not forget that it is death to us. We have done you no harm. Why do you wish to injure us?"

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

One hot day a wolf was lapping at a clear brook that ran down the side of a hill. Not far down the stream a lamb was playing in the water.

The wolf made up his mind to eat the lamb, but he did not wish to do it without a good excuse. So he tried to start a quarrel by calling out to the lamb in a loud angry voice: —

"Get out of the brook! How dare you muddy the water that I wish to drink?"

"Oh, I do not see how that can be," said the lamb. "You stand above me to drink, and the water runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the wolf, still more fiercely, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names. Now I will teach you better manners."

"Oh, sir," cried the lamb, in a great fright, "I could not have done so, for a year ago I was not born."

"Well," said the wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same. Besides, I am hungry and want my supper." And without one word more he fell upon the poor, helpless lamb and tore him to bits.

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER

SOMEWHERE in a meadow of this earth grew a fresh, bright, little daisy. She knew all the yellow birds, and meadow larks, and bobolinks, and blackbirds that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes or trees in the field; and she was a favorite with them all.

She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on in the meadow, or to bring her messages from the flowers.

The daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own white

blossoms, for as fast as one dropped its petals another was ready to open its eyes.

"How favored I am," said the daisy; "I never stop blossoming."

"But you must remember," said a great rough burdock, "you must remember that winter is coming when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with."

"Bobolink, oh, tell me, Bobolink," said the daisy, "is there any truth in what the burdock has been saying? What does she mean by winter?"

"I don't know, not I," said the bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air, and then perched himself lightly on a thistle down.

"Humming Bird, do you know anything about winter?"

"Winter? I never saw one," said the humming bird. "We have wings, and follow summer round the world, and where she goes, there go we."

"Meadow Lark, Meadow Lark, have you ever heard of winter?" said the daisy.

Meadow Lark was sure he never remembered one. "What is winter?" he said.

"Butterfly, oh, Butterfly," said the daisy, "come tell me; will there be winter, and what is winter?"

But the butterfly danced up and down, and said, "What is the daisy talking about?"

"Then it's only one of the burdock's unkind sayings," said the daisy. "She wants to spoil my pleasure. Tell me, dear tree, is there such a thing as winter?"

And the tree said with a sigh through all its leaves: "Yes, daughter, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy thy summer and fear not."

The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, and their leaves were turning yellow. The brookside seemed all on fire with goldenrod and the blue fringed gentian held up its cups. Then the apple tree cast down to earth its fragrant burden of golden apples, and men carried them away. But still the daisy had leaves and blossoms, and was strong and well at the root.

By and by there came keen winds and driving storms of sleet and hail. One after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen. The leaves dropped from the apple tree and sailed away down the brook. The butterflies lay dead with the flowers, and all the birds had gone singing away, following the summer into other lands.

"Tell me, my dear tree," said the daisy, "is this winter that is coming?"

"It is winter, little flower," said the tree, "but fear not. The Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer."

"I still hold my blossoms," said the daisy, for she was a hardy little thing.

But the frosts came harder and harder every night; and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally there was nothing left but the strong little root with the folded leaves of the future left in its bosom.

"Ah, my dear tree," said the daisy, "is not this very dreadful?"

"Be patient, little flower," said the tree; "I have seen many winters, but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower. They will all come again."

By and by came cold days and colder. The brook froze up and stopped flowing, and the snow lay over the daisy's head. But still from the bare branches of the apple tree came a voice of cheer.

"Courage and patience! Not a flower shall be lost, winter is only for a season. The spring will come again," said the tree.

And at last the spring did come, and the snow melted and ran down the brook. The sun shone out warm and fresh, green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple tree.

And one bright, rejoicing day the little daisy opened her eyes, and lo, there were all her friends once more. The little plants were coming up all around her. The birds were building their nests, and everything was brighter and fairer than before. And the daisy felt strong at heart because she had been through a winter and learned not to fear it.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A GREAT ARTIST

In one of the great museums of London there is a drawing of a donkey's head, which was made by a little child. One of the old guides of the museum used to delight in showing this drawing to visitors.

"Here is a picture made by Sir Edwin Landseer when he was only a little boy," the old man liked to say. It is a lead-pencil drawing, and, sure enough, it is marked on one of its corners, "E. Landseer, five years old."

When Edwin Landseer was a little boy, his father often took him with his brothers to a large park near

their home in London. When they returned from their walk, each child carried to his mother a drawing of something he had seen.

Little Edwin could draw very well indeed before he learned to read. His father never gave him pictures to copy, but always taught him to draw what he saw out of doors.

"Look very carefully at what you see," his father used to say. "If it is a bird, compare it with other birds. If you are trying to draw a dog, look at other dogs and think how they differ. You must learn to see things as they are, and then try to copy them just as God has made them."

So the boy began to look closely at everything he saw. He liked to watch the dogs playing with the children, and the horses and the donkeys feeding on the grass.

Sometimes the older sister came to the park with the three boys. She was fond of watching little Edwin, as his chubby hand drew horses, dogs, and donkeys. "What a fine little artist you are!" she often said. "How famous you will be some day!"

Edwin liked to read, but he was not fond of study. He was never so happy as when he was seated with a pencil drawing some animal.

From the painting by Landseer.

A DEER FAMILY.

Edwin Landseer loved animals, and they seemed to know it, for they all trusted and loved him in return. When he went to walk, he was usually followed by a troop of big dogs and little dogs, running and leaping about him.

When he was fourteen years old, he entered a celebrated art school in London. Here great artists met and studied and brought their pictures. Edwin was a handsome, manly boy, and made many friends.

The young artist now spent most of his time studying animals and making pictures of them. In a few years he learned to paint so well, that many people wished to have his pictures in their homes. Horses and dogs were often brought to him to have their pictures painted.

After a time the young artist wished to keep so many animals that he was obliged to have a home of his own. Near London he found a cottage with a garden and a barn. Here he kept his dogs, sheep, deer, and goats. The barn was made over into a studio where he painted his pictures.

People liked to visit his studio, for it was a charming place. Many of the paintings of animals were life-size, and the studio was crowded with pictures. Every one wondered how he could paint the fur of

the bears to look so thick and warm, the hair of the dogs to appear so rough and shaggy, and the breast of the birds to show such beautiful colors.

One of the pictures, which was a favorite with his visitors, was called "The Cat's Paw." In this picture is a sly, old monkey who wants some chestnuts that are roasting on the hot stove. The cruel monkey has grasped the cat's paw in his own. Poor puss! How she struggles to get away. But it is of no use, for the monkey is strong; and he uses the cat's slender paw to sweep the chestnuts from the stove.

Many stories are told of the great artist's kindness to animals. One day when some friends were waiting in his studio, Landseer came in looking very tired.

"What have you been doing?" asked one of them.

"I have been training some horses in the field," replied Landseer.

"But you have no whip."

"This is the whip I use," said Landseer, holding up a lump of sugar.

Landseer often visited the mountains of Scotland to paint the deer. He liked to climb the rough mountain side, and watch the beautiful creatures as they bounded away into the clouds that covered the mountain-tops.

On one occasion Landseer was hunting with Sir Walter Scott. They had tramped all day without finding game, when a noble deer with branching horns bounded across their path. Landseer sud-

From the painting by Landseer.

WAITING FOR MISTRESS.

denly threw down his gun, and snatching a pencil made a hasty sketch of the fine animal.

Sir Edwin Landseer lived to be an old man, and he painted hundreds of pictures. Copies of his paintings can be seen in every country of the world. Every one likes to look at them, because they are so life-like, simple, and beautiful.

A LITTLE STORY WRITER

TO THE FIRST ROBIN

Welcome, welcome, little stranger;
Fear no harm and fear no danger.
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, "Sweet spring is near."

Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay.
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best.

—Louisa May Alcott.

Four little sisters were playing together in a garden one cold morning in early spring. Suddenly one of them called out, "Oh, girls, come here and see what I have found!"

On the ground lay a robin, chilled with cold and weak with hunger. The children took the bird into the house. They cared for the poor robin until he was again able to fly. Then Louisa, who was only eight years old, wrote the little poem that you have just read. Do you know any girl or boy eight years old that can write verses as good as these?

The four little sisters lived in the town of Concord, Massachusetts. They were merry, romping children.

After their daily tasks and study were over, they invented many plays and games, and in all of them Louisa was the leader.

In the summer time they were as free as the birds.

The sun was their fire, and the sky was their roof. They were too poor to own a pony, so they made themselves happy with an old saddle which they strapped to the limb of an apple tree. On this make-believe horse they took wonderful journeys into the land of fancy.

One of their chief amusements was to act the parts of the people they read about in their favorite books. It was Louisa who wrote the parts and drilled the actors. Often she used to slip away to the attic where she could be alone. Here she read and wrote, and here she kept the stories and the

plays which she had written, locked safely away in a small tin box.

Their home was a pleasant old house with a yard full of trees, and a large barn in which the children acted out all the plays with which their little heads were filled.

One of the books the sisters loved best was "Pilgrim's Progress," and it was their delight to play that they were pilgrims journeying to the City Beautiful. With bundles tied on their backs and with staff in hand, they crossed the streams and climbed the hills near their home.

At other times the sisters were fairies with rainbow gowns and paper wings, flitting in and out among the trees and granting, as did the fairies of olden time, three wishes to each member of the household.

Neighbors wondered at their frolics, but they were glad to be invited to the old barn whenever a play was to be acted by the children. Life was so full of interest for Louisa and her sisters that in their many pleasures they forgot their poverty.

It was the greatest wish of Louisa's life to earn money for her father and mother. At last her wish came true, for when she grew older, she wrote a story

about the plays and playmates of her childhood that brought her wealth and fame.

Even then she sought no other life than to remain with her parents and to make them happy. And in his old age her father often said, "I am riding in Louisa's golden chariot."

Many stories about the Little Men and Little Women who used to play in the old house at Concord may be found in the charming books that were written by Louisa May Alcott.

THE SCHOOL GARDEN AT PLUMFIELD

All summer long the children in the Plumfield school had taken care of their garden plots, and in September the little crops were gathered in with much rejoicing.

Jack and Ned had joined their small farms and raised potatoes. They dug twelve bushels in all, which they sold at a fair price.

Emil and Franz planted their land in corn, and

had a jolly husking in the barn when it was ripe. They carried their corn to the mill, and came proudly home with meal enough to supply the family with hasty pudding and johnny-cake for a long time.

Nat had beans in such abundance that he despaired of ever shelling them, until Mrs. Jo proposed a new way which met with great success. The dry pods were spread upon the barn floor. Nat fiddled, and the boys danced on them till they were threshed out with much merriment and very little labor.

Demi had supplied his grandmother with lettuce all summer, and in the autumn he sent his grandfather a basket of turnips, each one scrubbed until it looked like a great white egg.

Nan had a fine display of useful herbs which she tended with great interest and care. Very busy was she in September, cutting, drying, and tying up her fragrant harvest.

Rob's crop was four small squashes and one immense pumpkin. He was so proud of the great golden ball that he took every one to see it. When frosts began to nip, he covered it each night with an old bedquilt, tucking it around as if the pumpkin were a well-beloved baby. The day it was gathered, he would let no one touch it but himself. His

mother promised him that the Thanksgiving pies should be made from it, and hinted that she had a plan in her mind which would cover the prize pumpkin and its owner with glory.

Tommy's six weeks' beans were a failure. He neglected to water his garden during a season of drought, and afterward he left the weak little plants to struggle with bugs and weeds until they died a lingering death.

So Tommy dug his ground all over again and planted peas. But they were late; the birds ate many, and the bushes, not being firmly planted, blew down. When at last the poor crop ripened, no one cared for peas, as their day was over and spring lamb had grown into mutton.

Tommy consoled himself with a charitable effort, for he transplanted all the thistles he could find, and tended them carefully for Toby, the donkey, who was fond of the prickly delicacy. The boys had great fun over Tom's thistle bed; but he insisted that it was better to care for poor Toby than for himself. He declared that another year he would devote his entire garden plot to thistles, worms, and snails, so that Demi's turtles and Nat's pet owl as well as the donkey might have the food they loved.

Daisy had nothing but flowers in her little plot, and it bloomed all summer long with a succession of gay or fragrant posies. She was very fond of her garden, and delved away in it at all hours, watching over her roses, and pansies, and sweet peas as faithfully and tenderly as she did over her dolls or her friends.

She had all sorts of pretty fancies about her flowers, and she loved to tell the children the story of the pansy and show the step-mother leaf sitting in her green chair in purple and gold. She pointed out the two daughters in gay yellow, each in its little seat, and the two step-daughters in dull colors sitting together on one small stool. And then with what wonder did the children look at the little bald-headed father hiding from sight in the middle of the flower.

She said that a monk's dark face looks out of the monk's-hood larkspur; that the flowers of the canary vine are so like dainty birds, fluttering their yellow wings, that one almost expects to see them fly away; and that snapdragons carry little pistols from which they shoot their seeds when they are ripe.

Splendid dolls she made out of scarlet-and-white poppies, with ruffled robes and grass-blade sashes. Pea-pod boats with rose-leaf sails received these

flower people and floated them about a placid pool in the most charming style. Finding that there were no elves, Daisy made her own, and she loved the fanciful little friends that played their part in her summer life.

Dan had no garden, for he was away during the greater part of the summer. When the others gathered their crops, he was sorry that he had so little to show. But as autumn went on he thought of a woodland harvest which no one would dispute with him, and which was peculiarly his own.

Every Saturday he went away alone to forests, fields, and hills, and always came back loaded with spoils. He seemed to know the meadows where the best flag root grew, the thicket where the sassafras was spiciest, and the haunts where the squirrel went for nuts.

All sorts of splendid red-and-yellow leaves did Dan bring home for Mrs. Jo to dress her parlor with. There were graceful seeded grasses, clematis tassels, downy yellow waxberries, and mosses, red-brimmed, white, or emerald green.

"I need not sigh for the woods now because Dan brings the woods to me," Mrs. Jo used to say, as she glorified the walls with yellow maple boughs

and scarlet woodland wreaths, or filled her vases with russet ferns, hemlock sprays full of delicate cones, and hardy autumn flowers.

The great garret was full of the children's stores, and for a time was one of the sights of the house. Daisy's flower seeds were stored away in little paper bags, all neatly labeled. Nan's herbs hung in bunches against the wall, filling the air with their spicy fragrance.

Tommy had a basket of thistle down with the tiny seeds attached, for he meant to plant them next year, if they did not all fly away before that time. Emil had bunches of pop corn hanging up to dry, and Demi had stored away acorns and different sorts of grain for the pets.

But Dan's crop made the best show, for fully one half the floor was covered with the nuts he had brought. All kinds were there, for he ranged the woods for miles around, climbed the tallest trees, and forced his way into the thickest hedges for his plunder. Walnuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts, and beechnuts lay in separate compartments, getting brown and dry and sweet, ready for winter revels.

—Louisa May Alcott.

OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
  By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye
To Thee aloud we cry,
"God save the State!" — C. T. Brooks.

There is no other land like thee,
  No dearer shore.
Thou art the shelter of the free
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be
  Till time is o'er.

— James Gates Percival.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

THE Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm xxiii.

PICCOLA

In a small, thatched cottage in Italy lived a little girl whose name was Piccola. She was an only child, and her father and mother loved her very dearly. But they were so poor that they could give her but few pleasures.

The glad Christmas time was fast approaching, and in Italy, as in other countries, it is above all other days the children's festival. They are filled with wonder about the good St. Nicholas. They talk of his coming, and plan how they will lie awake to hear the prancing reindeer on the roof.

And perhaps — who knows — they may catch a glimpse of the jolly old man himself, with his red cheeks and white beard and long fur coat. What joy it would be to see him filling the stockings from the pack of toys upon his back!

To little Piccola it was a gladsome time. She never doubted for a moment that something beautiful must befall every child on Christmas Day. She talked and sang, and made the house ring with her joy and delight.

She had been told that Santa Claus remembers all good children, and every night at bed time she would

ask: "Have I been a help to you to-day, mother? Have I been good enough to please St. Nicholas?"

"Yes, dear child," her mother could always answer, "but we are so poor, I fear that St. Nicholas will not remember us."

"Oh, yes, he will," the trusting child never failed to reply. "The kind saint, you know, loves all good children and remembers them."

To her father and mother it was a time of sadness, for they were far too poor to buy presents for their little daughter. The thought of her disappointment on Christmas morning was almost more than they could bear.

But what could they do? It was often hard for them to provide enough food and fuel to keep from suffering. Their house was old, and the winds beat the rain and snow through its many cracks and crevices.

The much longed-for Christmas eve came at last, and with it a storm of snow and wind. The poor child was sadly troubled because she had no stockings to hang by the chimney. Perhaps St. Nicholas would come and not find a place to put his present.

In a moment, however, she remembered her wooden shoes, and placing them in front of the

fireplace, she pattered away to bed, happy and hopeful in the belief that her shoes would not be empty in the morning.

Piccola slept soundly, and awoke sure that a gift

had been left for her during the night. With a bound she was out of bed and across the room at the chimney. She looked into her shoes and found—what do you think? Strange as it may seem, in one of them was a tiny swallow, wet and shivering with cold.

With a shout of delight she ran to her parents, holding out her treasure. "Oh, look! look!" she cried. "See what the kind saint has brought me!"

Never was there a more delighted child than little Piccola. She jumped and sang and clapped her hands.

Poor little brown bird! His wing had been hurt, and he could not fly. The night before he had found his way down the chimney and had crawled into the tiny shoe that stood upon the hearth.

The little swallow was not in the least afraid of Piccola. He took crumbs from her hand and reached up with his bill to drink the water that she held out on her finger. All day she petted and fed her new playmate, and the bird seemed to love her in return.

And not in all the land of Italy, that joyous Christmas Day, could have been found a happier child than sweet, helpful little Piccola.

—Adapted.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
Then what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack,
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself,
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

— Clement C. Moore.

From the painting by Feurstein.

HOLY NIGHT.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Over the hills of Bethlehem
A white star hung one night;
The low gray walls of the little town
All lay in a silvery light.

Over the hills of Bethlehem
Three wise men came from far;
"Where is the baby King," they said,
"Who leadeth us by His star?"

Over the hills of Bethlehem
The great white star hung low;
And they found the King on a manger throne,
Alight with the star's soft glow.

The gentle shepherds were at His feet,
And over the manger throne —
A pale and radiant star of love —
The face of the Mother shone.

Over the hills of Bethlehem
To herald the kingly birth
The angel choirs in gladness sang
Of joy and peace on earth.

— Mary A. Lathbury.

KRISS KRINGLE

JUST as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,
Old Kriss Kringle looked around
And saw on the elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest,
Silent and empty now.

"Quite like a stocking," he laughed,
"Pinned up there on the tree!
Little I thought the birds
Expected a present from me."
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snowflakes
In the oriole's empty nest.

—T. B. ALDRICH.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be;
Oh, sing a carol joyfully,
The world's great feast in keeping.

For once on a December night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light,
To where a child was sleeping.

THE NEW YEAR

WHO comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild wind blow
Take the child in and make him cozy,
Take him in and hold him dear,
Here is the wonderful glad New Year.

— DINAH M. CRAIK.

O GIVER of beautiful gifts, what cheer?
What joy dost thou bring with thee?
My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures, — the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

— ANONYMOUS.

THE CAT'S CHRISTMAS

HIGH up in the church steeple the bells were ringing the Christmas chimes. The wind blew and clouds drifted rapidly over the face of the moon. The frost glittered on the roofs.

The watchman on his rounds clapped his hands and stamped his feet to keep himself warm.

A homeless cat crouched beneath the kitchen window and shivered in the cold. She heard the watchman cry out, "Eight o'clock, and all's well."

But to the poor cat all was not well. She heard the bells in the tower ring out their sweet tones. They seemed to say, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" "Alas," sighed the cat, "this does not mean good will to me. Poor me! Whew! what a wind! Where shall I go?"

Overcome by her sorrows the cat gave a loud wail, which rang out in the chilly air. High and low did she search, — over the fence, under the vine, — but no shelter could be found. The vine was leafless and the fence gave no hiding place. At last she remembered the kitchen roof. She could easily mount it by the rain trough. Perhaps there might be a warm chimney there, — no bad pillow on this wintry night!

Sure enough the chimney was warm and, curling into a ball, Puss laid herself to rest against it. Perhaps it was not warm enough, or perhaps she could not forget her sorrows, but certain it is she could not sleep. She wriggled, she twisted; she sent forth melancholy cries. Nine — ten — eleven had sounded before she had fallen into her first doze.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve, when a scraping sound close by roused her. Was it some other cat, or the big rat from the cellar, scaling the wall? Raising herself, she listened.

No; it was neither cat nor rat. Light hoofs were climbing the tiles. Bells tinkled and a small sledge drawn by reindeer came into view. Swift as light it flew over the roof and then paused at the chimney. Quickly a little old man jumped out. His jolly face shone in the moonlight like a red apple. His fat, plump body was wrapped in fur, and on his back he carried a bag.

Puss had never seen the old man before, but she knew him well. It was the good St. Nicholas! Down the chimney he went with a motion like a bird's; up again as fast. Then he searched in his bag and his kind face looked puzzled. The cat sprang forward, and rubbed her soft fur against his legs.

"Well, Puss," said the saint, "how came you out on the roof this cold, wintry night? What can I do for you? Wish a wish, if you have one. I'm in a humor for pleasing everybody, while I'm about it."

So the cat told her story. "And for a wish," she said, "if your saintship would only permit me to slip into your sledge, under your furs, I should be proud and happy. They look warm and comfortable. I take very little room," she added piteously.

"Is that all? Jump in at once," said kind St. Nicholas. "My sledge is never full. There's room for forty cats like you. Ho! Ho!" and he laughed a jolly laugh. So pussy sprang into the sledge and off they went.

St. Nicholas and the cat flew from roof to roof. In the magic stillness of their flight no sound was heard but the soft tinkling of sleigh bells. First to one chimney, then to another; bag after bag full of toys and candies; here a doll, there a drum or

sled. Sometimes warm stockings and little shoes were left in the homes they visited. Everybody was given something from the wonderful bag.

To stately palaces, to cellars and lonely attics; at last to a church, dim and fragrant with ivy leaves and twisted evergreen, where their errand was to feed a hungry robin who had there found shelter. How his beads of eyes sparkled as the saint awoke him! How eagerly he pecked the red berries which were his Christmas gift, though he had hung up no stocking.

To small, to great, to rich and to poor alike, the good saint had an errand. Little ones smiled in their sleep as he moved by, and birds twittered and chirped. Bells faintly tinkled and chimed as in a dream. Flying fairies made room for the sledge to pass and the world received a blessing as it slept, — a Christmas blessing.

Through the air, more towns, more villages. Now the sea was below them, the cold, moon-lit sea. Island after island came into view, but the sledge did not stop. Then again land came in sight, towers and steeples, big houses, and little huts, homes of the rich and homes of the poor.

A wild desire seized the cat. She begged St. Nicholas to take her down a wide chimney on his

shoulder. She longed to see the good saint at his kind work. Down they went into a pretty room, where sleeping children lay in their little beds. Stockings hung by the fireplace. Out of the bag came beautiful presents for these little ones.

Up to the roof and into the sledge again. The cat sighed softly as she crept under the fur robe. But St. Nicholas chuckled as he shook the reins and urged on his frisky reindeer. "I see what the cat wants," murmured he. "A home shall be her Christmas gift."

At last they came to a small house with a roof so poor and low, that only a saint would have noticed the little chimney in the darkness. No stockings hung by the cold fireplace, but in a poor little bed a pale-faced boy lay sleeping.

"I wonder," thought Puss, "what gift he will leave here." The saint's eyes twinkled as he said, "You need a home; this little fellow wants a playmate, so you shall be his Christmas gift."

And with a "Merry Christmas," he sprang up the chimney and was gone. Whither he went the cat knew not; for where St. Nicholas hides himself during the year is one of the secrets that no one knows.

From "The New Year's Bargain." — SUSAN COOLIDGE.

BRIGHT EYES, THE INDIAN BOY

SURELY there was never a more interesting baby than little Bright Eyes.

The father of Bright Eyes was an Indian chief, tall and straight, with black eyes and hair, and a gloomy face. He dwelt in a wigwam which stood on the bank of a river near the sea.

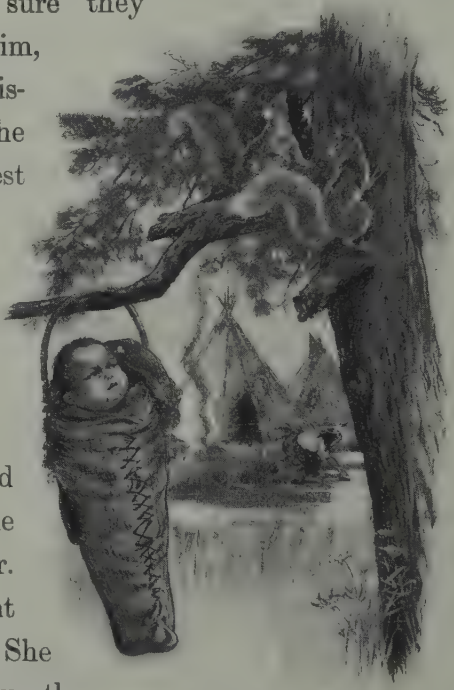
The baby's mother was not handsome. Indeed, we should think her very homely. But no doubt Bright Eyes looked up into his mother's loving face and thought it very beautiful.

The Indian mother made for her little papoose a cradle of thin wood. It was soft with sweet grass from the meadows, and gay with porcupine quills, shell beads, and rattles. In warm weather the cradle hung on the bough of a tree near a field where the baby's mother worked.

Here Bright Eyes lay swinging among the branches long hours at a time. If he cried, it did not matter; he had to learn to be patient. The blue sky smiled down upon him; the balmy breezes brought kisses from the sea; the pine trees told stories in very solemn whispers.

Squirrels with tails in air whisked madly in and

out among the branches overhead, as if to say, "Don't you wish that you could catch us?" Birds sang to their mates in the nests. But little Bright Eyes was quite sure they were calling to him, and was so busy listening to all the voices of the forest that he had very little time to cry.



His cradle was hung where he could see the green hillside with a babbling brook, and the wigwams by the edge of the river. He saw his patient mother at work. She carried wood from the forest for the fire. She dipped up water from the spring in a bucket made of bark. She pounded the last year's dry corn to make cakes, which she wrapped in leaves and baked in hot ashes.

When the leaf of the white oak was the size of a

mouse's ear, she hoed the ground with a clam shell, and buried a fish here and there so that the corn would grow strong and green.

There was much for Bright Eyes to see from his perch in the tree. But sometimes the sky grew black. The winds rushed with a roar through the pine trees. The tides swept in from the bay and tossed the spray high into the air. Then straight into the wigwam went baby, cradle and all.

Did Bright Eyes cry at that? Not a bit of it. He crooned to the rain as it pattered on the roof of mats. He sucked his chubby fist and gazed at the strings of yellow squash and the rows of red, white, and blue corn which hung on the walls. He looked at the curious pictures embroidered with colored porcupine quills, and the deer heads, eagle claws, and bear claws greatly pleased him.

Bright Eyes got into mischief as soon as he was old enough to toddle about on his unsteady legs. He tangled the long grasses with which his mother was weaving nets to catch the fish.

He broke a drinking cup made from a dry squash. He cracked some earthen pots which had cost a great deal of wampum money. "Hey, bad papoose!" cried his mother. She scolded the little busybody,

but she never whipped him. He was to be a great warrior some day, and must never know fear.

When Bright Eyes grew yet stronger, he ran about the village, playing leap frog and wolf with his mates, jumping, running, and wrestling.

As soon as his hands were large enough to hold a little bow and arrow, a mark was set for him to shoot at. "Hi, brave papoose! He will follow the bear to its cave! He will bring back a deer to the lodge!" Thus shouted his father when the arrow hit the mark.

He could swim like a fish, dive like a beaver, climb like a bear, and run like a deer. Often he played that he was a bear with his home in a hollow tree, and many a search his mother made to find the truant.

Sometimes, when he was plunging into the river, he fancied he was a beaver. Then he clutched at the mud with his hands and feet, piled up mounds on the water's edge, and ran in a wriggling fashion on all fours, spreading out his mouth to take in the twigs and pebbles to build his beaver lodge.

Once Bright Eyes heard a sound just like an Indian baby's cry. He followed the noise, and found two little beavers hungry and alone, crying

for their mother. Bright Eyes searched all through the neighboring wood, and at last found the old beaver fast in a trap. He felt so sorry for the lonesome little babies that he set the mother free, and she went limping back to her lodge.

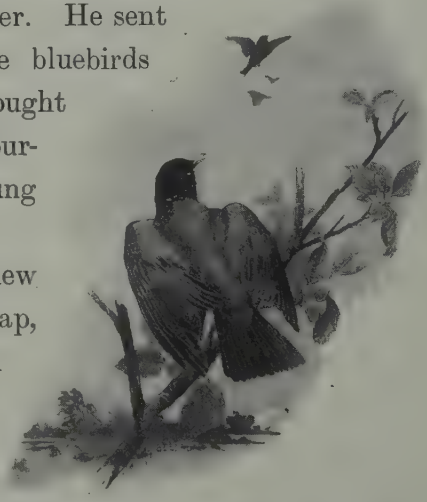
One of his favorite games was called the crooked path. A dozen or more little mischief-makers stood in a row. Each grasped with his right hand the belt cord of the one in front of him. Then off they moved in a slow trot, singing as they went. They trudged in and out among the trees, through the puddles of water, and around the wigwams.

If some old woman was pounding her corn, the stumbling line hurried past her in a circle. Each left hand seized some corn until the squaw was out of patience. But when she ran to catch them, they were off to the woods like squirrels.

Those were glad days for Bright Eyes. They were school days, too, with all nature for an open book. The trees, with mosses creeping over their branches, the storms spreading thick mantles over the dancing stars, the winds blowing from the four quarters of the earth — he knew them well. Had not his mother told him how the West Wind was the ruler of all the winds?

Wabun, the East Wind, brought the rosy dawn, and awoke the deer and the hunter. The North Wind dwelt in his lodge of snowdrifts up among the icebergs. He froze the ponds and rivers, and sent the snowflakes flying through the forest.

The South Wind had his home in never ending summer. He sent the robins and the bluebirds northward, and brought the melons and the purple grapes that hung along the rivers.

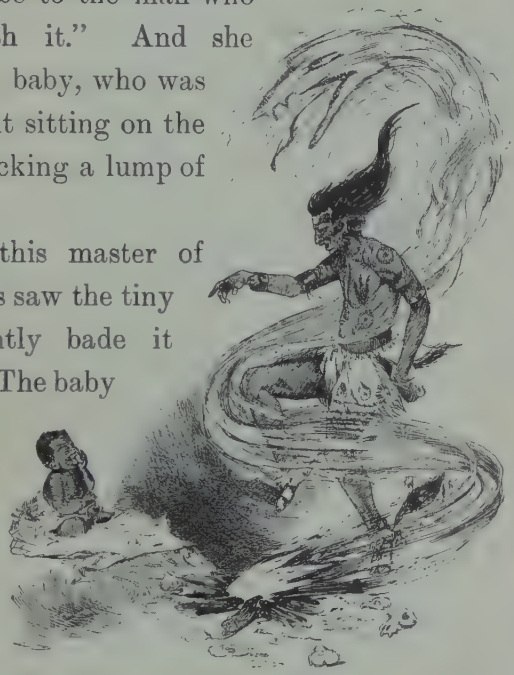


Bright Eyes knew much about Glooskap, who was a wonderful fellow. His canoe stretched so large that it carried a whole army, or shrunk so small that a dwarf could not sit in it with ease. He smoked a magic pipe which brought all the animals of the forest to his side. They called him a magician.

Glooskap boasted that he had conquered everything. "Ah, master, there is one who has never been conquered, and never will be," said a squaw.

"Impossible!" he said. "How dare you? There is no one."

"Yes, there is one," said the squaw. "There it sits, and woe be to the man who interferes with it." And she pointed to her baby, who was at that moment sitting on the ground and sucking a lump of maple sugar.



But when this master of men and beasts saw the tiny babe, he gently bade it come to him. The baby smiled, and sucked away at the piece of sugar. Glooskap made his voice sweet like the coo of the dove, and again bade it come; but the baby did not stir an inch. Then the brow of the great master darkened; he commanded in a voice of thunder that it should come to him immediately. But the baby sat still and screamed.

Glooskap sang his magic songs and baby seemed to like them very much indeed; but still it did not move from its seat. Then the magician gave up in despair; and baby sat on the floor of the wigwam crying, "Goo! goo! goo!"

With all the stories his mother told him, she gave Bright Eyes much good advice. "Be brave, my son," she said, "and face whatever danger you may meet. Your father is a great chief, but you must not think of that. Because he is a chief does not mean that you will be one, too. The man who goes on the hard and tiresome hunt and follows the warpath is the one that becomes a chief.

"I should not weep if I were to hear that you had been killed in battle, surrounded by your foes; but I would be sorry to see you die in your lodge like a feeble old woman.

"Be faithful to your friends. Never desert them in time of danger. Do not run away if they are taken by the enemy. Rather be killed together on the field of battle. So live, my little Bright Eyes, that you may join the warriors of your people, who have gone before you to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

— Alma Holman Burton.

From the "Story of the Indians of New England."
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"I AM on my way to look for a house," remarked Mrs. Whitefoot, as she met her old neighbor, Mr. Mole, in a narrow mouse path beneath the grass. "Do you happen to know of a good tenement that is vacant? My house was wrecked last week in the great storm."

"And I," said the Mole, "was drowned out by the flood, but I am all settled again now. I finished my new subway last night. Let

me see," he continued, "I heard Mrs. Catbird telling Mr. Blue Jay that she has no further use for her nest this year. How would that suit you? It is in the elder thicket near the brook."

"It may be just what I want," said Mrs. Whitefoot. "I will go at once and look at it."

"Oh!" cried she, peeping over the edge of the nest, "what a beautiful home this will make for me! I shall fit it up and furnish it right away and move in to-morrow." Busily the little house builder set to work cutting down the softest grass blades she could find. Then she pulled some fine strips of bark from the dead limb of a chestnut tree. Carrying the grass and the bark up to the nest, she built its walls higher and thatched them over with a roof. Soon Mrs. Catbird's old house was changed into a big ball with a little round doorway. The roof hung over the entrance so that the rain and the snow could not beat in.

Next, Mrs. Whitefoot wanted a soft and pretty lining for her nest. She knew that a patch of thistles and milkweed grew in a pasture beyond the meadow. So she scampered through the fields and had almost reached the thistles when a shadow fell on the ground near her. A loud whir-r-r made her heart jump with fear. A great hawk was just ready to

pounce down upon her, but fortunately the little field mouse spied a rock and quickly slipped beneath it. There she crouched, trembling, for a long time. Finally she peered out. Yes, the hawk had gone away. It was now safe to venture forth.

She hastily gathered as much thistle down as she could carry, but this time she traveled very cautiously, with a sharp eye out for enemies. She worked all night collecting silk from the milkweeds and down from the thistles. At sunrise her house was finished and furnished. It was as safe and cozy a little home as one could wish, and she settled herself on her soft, warm couch to take a well-earned rest.

If you had glanced into the nest a fortnight later, you might have seen five tiny creatures, naked and blind but warm and happy in their silky home. Now let the storm rage, for here in their castle the White-foot family may dwell without fear.

How proud was the happy mother the first evening she was able to take her little ones for a stroll through the meadows! Their wondering eyes were wide open now and they all wore glossy fur coats and white socks like their mother's. The moon shone bright, and there was a gentle breeze which passed over the meadow and waved the grass to and fro.

"My dear children," said Mother Whitefoot, "life is a serious business. You must learn one or two of its lessons to-night. See how the grass waves! We can run through it now with safety, but if the night were still, we should have to creep along very cautiously. Often we must make our way beneath the roots of the grass and through tunnels under the ground. There are always sharp eyes watching to see the grass tremble, and cruel teeth and claws ready to seize a poor mouse."

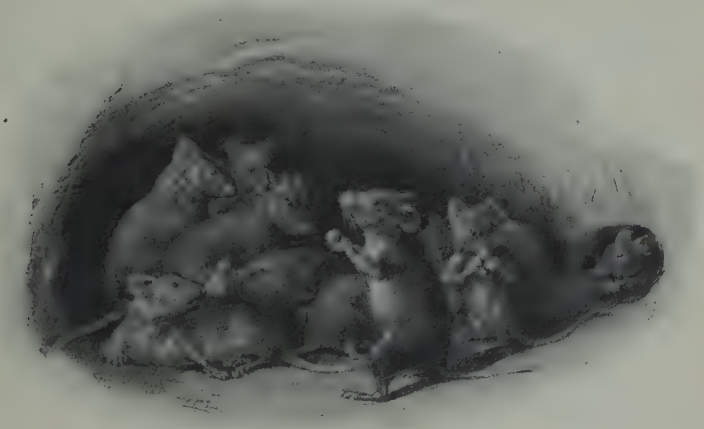
"Whose are those sharp eyes?" asked one of the children.

"Well," said their mother, "there is Reynard, the fox; he has about as sharp a pair as any of the wood folk. And then there are the owls. The snowy owl, the little screech owl, and the great horned owl are a cruel host in themselves. We must look out for snakes and hawks, too, and even for house cats that leave their homes and prowl about in the dark. But come, my children; I trust that none of these monsters will catch us to-night."

And off they scurried through the grass to a grove of beech trees. There had been a keen frost, and the nuts lay scattered about on the ground among the dry leaves. So the little Whitefoot family

learned how delicious is a feast of beech nuts and tender grass roots.

"In October," their mother told them, "all the wood and meadow folk who expect to enjoy life through the winter begin to lay up their stores of food, and to build their snug houses in hollow trees



or deep under the ground. Next week I shall select our winter storehouses, and then we will gather our nuts and grains."

By the middle of November the Whitefoot family had nearly half a bushel of beech nuts, all shelled, in a grass-lined oaken cupboard, safely hidden from meddlesome jays and prying squirrels. Down in the

cornfield there were little earth pockets filled with yellow kernels. Beneath a wild cherry tree there was a quart of cherry pits neatly buried, and every stone in the wheatfield concealed a pile of grain.

If you had rolled away a great hemlock log which lay on the edge of the wood lot, and dug down a short distance, you would have found a tiny subway. Following this, you would have arrived at a room, round as a ball, lined with soft, dry grass. All curled up in the center of this nest you would have seen Mother Whitefoot and her five children, besides an aunt and three cousins, who had come to spend the winter with them.

Now do not for an instant imagine that these small people were going to sleep the winter away in this cozy home of theirs. No, indeed; they love life too well for that, and winter is the mouse's festive season.

As soon as the ground is covered with snow, out troop all the wee forest folk and set to work making tunnels in every direction. No fear now of fox, or owl, or snake. How the mice scamper through the narrow, white paths, hunting for their buried treasures! One day there is a corn party, another day a nut feast. Sometimes they all dine on cherry pits and have a grand frolic afterwards.

At last, as spring approaches, their stores of food become very low, and they must find some means to fill up their larder. One mouse explores the cellar of the nearest house. Another makes his way through the walls to a pantry shelf, and still another searches for food in the barn. One brings home peanuts, and another bears a sweet potato almost as large as himself. A poor little Whitefoot that visited the barn was never heard of again, and it was said in Mouse Town that he must have fallen a victim to the claws of the family cat.

When spring has fairly arrived, there are plenty of sweet buds to nibble, and fat, juicy grubs to be dug from the soft earth, so that the white-footed people manage to live quite comfortably until another winter comes round.

— Margaret Wentworth Leighton.

WINTER NIGHT

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break of day!
In a snow cave warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call,
In entry and in hall,
Straight from off the mountain white and wild!
Soft purrs the pussy cat
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold,
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

— Mary F. Butts.

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves the most of us
To talk about the rest of us."

THE STORY OF MOWEEN

THIS is a story a hunter told me as we sat by the camp fire on the top of the mountain, after a day's climb through the woods.

"No, I never shot a bear," he said, and then he laughed. "If you had been brought up with bears as I was, you would not ask such a question. It happened this way:—

"When I was a child, my home was on the edge of a great forest. There were but few people near us, and not a town for miles and miles. Many wild animals lived in the woods, which were so wide and deep that most of the animals had never seen a human being.

"One day my father and a neighbor were out hunting. There was no breeze, and the woods were very still. They were walking down a hillside, stepping quietly over the fallen trunks and dry leaves, when suddenly, 'Look! look!' my father whispered to his companion.

"A strip of water gleamed through the trees, and a mother bear and three cubs were walking along the shore. The bear caught the sound or the scent of some one near, for she stopped, rose on

her hind-legs, and snuffed the air, and all the little bears did exactly what she did. 'We have surprised Bruin giving her children a lesson,' said my father. But as he turned to speak and before he could say a word to prevent, his companion had shot the mother bear. She tumbled down on the sand, and the little bears began to whimper and cry.

"Father never spoke to that man again, though he was a neighbor; and a neighbor means a good deal when the nearest one lives two miles away.

"The cubs were brave fellows; they did not run away even when the men went up to them, but stayed by their mother, whimpering a little. 'It was pitiful to see them,' father said.

"He was not willing to go away and leave the little fellows, for they were too small to take care of themselves; and now they had no mother to teach them bear language and bear ways. He picked up one and carried it, and the others followed.

"So he brought the three bears home to be my playmates, and glad I was to see them. They cried at first and missed their mother; but they soon became used to living with people. What

frolics we had! Every morning we would scamper up and down the road. When some one called me to the house and I ran in, they would come running and tumbling after me.

"We played house and school and soldier together, and though I often wished they could talk with me, in every other way they were good comrades.

"They were always good-natured. You have heard a dog growl over a bone; the bears preferred lumps of sugar, which they took without growling.

"How they liked sweet things! They would come into the pantry and beg for cake; and when my mother wanted to give us all a treat, she would make molasses candy.

"Did we sell them? No, sir! Father said their

mother had been so cruelly treated that they deserved extra kindness, and they were free to come and go as they would.

"One morning I woke up to find that two of them had gone off to the woods, — their natural home.

"Only Moween had chosen to stay with us rather than go with his brothers. He lived with us until he was a big bear. Sometimes he would roam into the woods to find honey, but he always came back.

"I used to like to go nutting with him, for he would climb up the tree and shake the branches until the nuts came pattering down.

"One afternoon a German, leading a bear by a chain, stopped at the house. He had lost his way, and we asked him to rest and spend the night with us. He explained in broken English that he had been traveling about the country with his dancing bear.

"The bear danced for us, but Moween seemed frightened and ran away when he saw the newcomer. The dancing bear, on his part, seemed afraid of Moween.

"However, at supper time, Moween returned, and the bears seemed to make friends.

"What they said to each other I do not know, but when morning came both bears were gone. The

dancing bear had slipped his chain. Their trail led into the forest, and we followed it a mile or two, but did not find them.

"This time my pet bear did not come back. Every spring I used to expect him, for when the maple trees were tapped, we had 'sugarings off' which were always feasts for Moween. But I have not seen him since, though I never see a bear without wishing that he were my old playmate, Moween."

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JACK FROST

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost had got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

— Gabriel Setoun.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!

My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the waters may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE HIAWATHA LEGEND

On the banks of a swift-flowing river dwelt Hiawatha. He was called the Wise Man by his people because of his great wisdom in council and his bravery in war.

Wonderful things could Hiawatha do. He could run like the wind, and he could leap over a cloud high in the air. The birds and beasts and insects knew his voice and loved him. With his arrows his aim was never-failing, and in his magic canoe he could sail without paddles up and down the river and across the lakes.

It was Hiawatha who taught the people to shoot the deer and dress the skin; to prepare the soil and plant the corn. The Red Children listened to his words, and they did whatever he told them to do, for his laws were wise and his judgments always true.

Once Hiawatha dwelt in the home of the Great Spirit, and it was there that he grew to be so wise and good and brave. But because of his great love for the Red Children he came to earth to help them and to teach them.

After a time war broke out among the Indians. Savage tribes came from the North and burned the

wigwams. They destroyed the cornfields, and carried away the women and children. Then the Indians came to Hiawatha and begged him to help them.

"Bring together the chiefs of the tribes East, West, and South," commanded Hiawatha. "Hold a council. Choose one chief whom all the tribes will obey. Then will you be able to protect your homes and drive back the warriors from the North."

This the people agreed to. The council was to be held on a high bluff beside the lake. For three days Hiawatha sat in his wigwam, praying to the Great Spirit. Then he set forth in his magic canoe to meet the chiefs of all the tribes.

The Red Men waited on the bluff; and when they saw the canoe of Hiawatha upon the sparkling water, they raised a great shout of welcome.

"Listen to the words I would speak to you," said Hiawatha. "We are friends and brothers. You have come from many hunting grounds to seek for aid. How shall the tribes of the North be driven back? Never by our tribes singly. Only by joining in a common band of brotherhood shall we be able to drive the enemy from our land.

"Brothers, if we unite in this bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be free and

happy. If we remain as we are, we shall be destroyed by our enemies and our names be soon forgotten. These are the words of Hiawatha."

And now that his mission among the Red Children was ended, Hiawatha went down to the waters. As he sat again in his canoe, lo! the air was filled with sweet music. A soft, golden light fell upon the lake, and the heavens blazed with glory. Away into the flood of light and music Hiawatha drifted.

Far, far across the lake people watched him. The purple mists fell upon the magic canoe, and they could see his form no more. Hiawatha, their friend and counselor, had gone from them forever.

Then they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha."
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha—
Hiawatha the beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hereafter.

THE PINE AND THE FLAX

On the edge of the forest grew a tall and beautiful pine tree. Its feathery crown rose above all the other trees of the wood, and its soft branches waved gracefully when the wind blew across the plain.

Just at the foot of the pine the fields of grain began, and here the farmer sowed many kinds of seed. The flax was planted close to the tree, and it came up, even and beautiful. The great pine tree looked down on the slender green thing that grew about its roots, and loved it for its beauty.

As the summer days became longer, the flax grew taller and taller, and at last it bore a little blue helmet upon its head.

"How beautiful you are," said the tall pine.

The flax bowed itself to the earth. And all its blue-capped stems bowed and gracefully rose like the beauteous blue waves of the sea.

The pine and the flax became great friends. They talked to each other, and they promised to keep together always.

"What folly is this?" said the trees of the woodland to the pine. "Pay no heed to the flax. It is small and weak and feeble. No; if you wish a

friend, choose the tall evergreen on the hill, or the birch tree yonder upon the mountain. They are strong and faithful, and fit to be your companions."

But the pine tree would not forsake the flax, and neither would it listen to the words of its comrades in the wood.

The thistle and the burdock and the other small plants growing near talked to the flax.

"Do you think the pine tree cares anything about you?" said they. "It is tall and grand, and all the trees of the wood look up to its lofty crown. What can you two do for each other? Turn your fancy to the juniper bush or the raspberry vine, or be wise enough to choose one of us. Children of a size play best together."

"I shall trust in the pine," answered the flax. "The tree is honest and true, and I love it well!" And so it came to pass that the pine and the flax gave no heed to the whispering tongues about them.

Time passed. The flax was gathered and woven into heavy linen cloth. The pine tree was felled; its branches were cut off, and its tall, straight trunk was carried into the town. But still, though far apart, the pine and the flax did not forget each other.

In the harbor of the town lay a beautiful ship. The tall pine tree became its mast, and from its top waved a flag with a golden cross upon a blue ground.

But the proud mast alone could not urge the ship forward. Then a great white cloth was brought upon the ship. That was the sail. It rose upon the mast, wrapped itself about it, and like a giant wing grasped the wind in its folds.

The sail was woven of the flax that grew in the field on the edge of the forest. Thus the two friends were reunited. Over the blue water and dashing waves the pine and the flax bore the good ship to new and beautiful lands.

The wind, who carries messages all over the world, sought the thistle and the burdock and the trees of the wood, and told them that the Pine and the flax were traveling together over the wide ocean.

"Who could have dreamed it?" whispered the trees.

"Who could have dreamed it?" said the burdock and the thistle.

But the pine and the flax had always believed it, for they trusted each other.

— Albrekt Segerstedt.

A SNOW BATTLE

WINTER had come. Jack Frost was no longer a humbug. The first boy out of the schoolhouse gave a shout, which passed from mouth to mouth till it became a cheer.

Down from a dull, gray sky came myriads of white snowflakes. The ground was soon covered with snow, and the school divided into two opposing armies. It was now late in the afternoon, and the battle was put off until the next morning.

That evening was a busy one. All hands set to work preparing material and defenses for the coming contest. On the highest spot in the school grounds a snow fort was built, and I was among those chosen to garrison the fort.

There was not a boy late the next morning. When the teachers arrived to open the school, they found all the scholars upon the playground, rolling huge snowballs.

The snow continued to fall through the forenoon; and when we went out at the close of the morning session, a beautiful fort of snowy whiteness stood ready for us, and from a mound in the center floated the battle flag.

Our company took their places inside the fort. We could see the enemy gathered around their captain at their camp, some two hundred yards distant, with ammunition sleds loaded with snowballs. The lieutenant bore their battle flag.

At a blast from a tin horn, on rushed the foe! They separated, and came in two divisions, approaching us from the left and right at the same moment.

"Now, boys," cried our captain, "don't throw a ball until the enemy is within range!" Then, calling the pluckiest fellow among us (a flaxen-haired country boy) to his side, he whispered a word or two, and pointed to the flag in the enemy's camp.

The boy, who had been nicknamed "Daddy," on account of his old-looking face, slipped quietly over the rear wall of the fort, dodged behind a snowdrift, and was lost to sight.

Forward marched the enemy, with their captain at the head of the division to the left, and the lieutenant, with the battle flag, in advance of the party on the right.

Having engaged our attention thus on the two flanks, where we stood ready to receive them, as they neared us, the two divisions rushed obliquely toward each other, and, by a quick and well-exe-

cuted movement, they immediately united and advanced against our center.

It was in vain we pelted them with snowballs. On they came, encouraged by a cheer from the teachers and some other spectators, who, by this time, had gathered near the schoolhouse.

Three times had our noble captain been tumbled from his perch upon the mound in the center of the fort, when another cheer from the spectators announced something new in the battle.

Looking over the enemy, who were close to us, we saw "Daddy," with the colors of their camp in his arms, his flaxen hair flying in the wind, as he ran for dear life.

In an instant, the line of the enemy was all in confusion; some ran to head off "Daddy," while others, in their excitement, stood and shouted.

It was our turn now, and we pelted their broken ranks with our snowballs till they looked like living snow men.

There was another shout, and we looked around to find our captain down, and the hands of one of the other party just ready to grasp our flag. It was the work of a second to pitch the intruder upon his back outside the fort.

Then came the final tug of war. A rush was made to capture our standard; several of our boys were pulled out of the fort and taken prisoners. Again and again a number of the enemy, among whom was their color bearer, gained the top of our breastworks.

Again and again they were tumbled off amid a shower of snowballs, that forced them to retire to gain breath and clear their eyes from snow.

Once their lieutenant, with the red-bordered battle flag, had actually succeeded in reaching the mound upon which stood our colors, when a combined attack of our forces, which nearly made him a prisoner, drove him from the fort to gather strength for another rush.

"Daddy" was now a prisoner, and the recaptured flag again floated over the enemy's camp. Just at this moment the school bell called us, fresh and glowing with exercise and healthful excitement, to our lessons.

The battle was left undecided, but a warm south wind, which sprang up toward evening, leveled our fort to the ground, and the snow war was over for that time.

—D. C. Beard.

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

I

Far away in the forest grew a little Fir tree. Tall pines and firs stood all around it, spreading out their great branches and pointing their plumy tops to the sky. The sun shone on the little tree, and the breezes fluttered its leaves. But it did not heed the sunshine, nor the wind, nor even the birds, for it was very unhappy.

"Oh, if I were only as tall as the trees around me!" it thought. "Then I might look out into the wide world. The birds would build their nests in my branches, and when the wind blew I could proudly bow like the tall tree yonder."

In summer when the ground was carpeted with brown needles, the children often came to the forest to gather cones. "Oh, what a pretty little tree," they said. But this the Fir tree did not like to hear.

In the winter, when the snow lay white and glistening on the ground, it was greatly troubled because a hare often bounded over its low top. "To grow faster! To become tall and large! Nothing else in the world is worth caring for," thought the little Fir tree.

Every autumn the woodcutters came and cut down the tallest firs. The great trees fell to the ground with a crash, and when their branches were cut off, the long and slender trunks were placed on carts and drawn away. "Where could they be going? What would become of them?" The young Fir tree wished very much to know.

And so it remembered to ask the swallows and the storks, when they came back in the spring, if they had seen the tall tree trunks. A stork nodded his head. "Yes, I can tell you," he said. "I met several new ships on the sea, and they had tall, straight masts that smelled like fir trees. Oh, how grandly they sailed!"

"What is the sea? What does it look like?" asked the tree. "I wish I were tall enough to go over the sea."

"To explain that would take too long," answered the stork, as he flew away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the sunbeams. "Take pleasure in thy young life and thy fresh growth."

The wind kissed the tree, and the dew shed tears over it, but the Fir tree did not understand them.

The happy Christmas time drew near, and many young evergreens were cut down and carried out of the forest. "Where are they going?" asked the Fir tree. "They are no taller than I. And why do they keep their branches?"

"We know, we know," chirped the sparrows. "We can tell, for we have looked through the windows of houses and seen them standing in warm rooms. You can not think what honor they receive! Their branches are covered with golden apples, and bright lights sparkle from among their green needles."

"And then," asked the Fir tree, "what happens after that?"

"We saw no more," answered the sparrows.

"Will such joy ever come to me?" thought the little tree. "That is far better than crossing the sea. Oh, when will another Christmas come? I am unhappy with longing and waiting."

"Enjoy our love," said the air and the sunshine. "Delight thyself in thy young life in the beautiful world."

But the discontented tree would not listen.

Another year passed, and when the Christmas time again drew near, the discontented Fir tree was the first to fall. And then, all too late, it thought of the

happiness that was past. Never again would it see its dear companions, — the trees, or the bushes, or the flowers that had grown up by its side.

II

The Fir tree was carried to a large house and placed in a beautiful room, and it stood up so tall that its top nearly touched the ceiling. What was to happen now? It could only stand in its place and wonder.

Presently the tree was hung with gilded nuts and beautiful toys. Red and yellow and white candles

were fastened to its boughs, and at the very top was placed a golden star. It was very beautiful.

"Oh, that the evening would come," thought the tree. "I wish the candles were lighted. And what will happen then? Will the sparrows look in at the windows? Am I to grow standing here, laden with these beautiful things?"

At last the candles were lighted. What a blaze of light! What splendor! The tree trembled with joy.

Then the folding doors were thrown open, and the children rushed into the room. They shouted and danced joyfully around the tree, as one gift after another was cut from its boughs.

"I wonder what will come next. When will they adorn me again?" thought the tree. The candles burned down and were put out, and the children took everything from its branches. They played with their new toys, and no one noticed the tree.

"Have they already forgotten me?" sighed the poor tree. And it longed to be far away in the forest again.

All night it was left alone. In the morning it was taken upstairs to the attic and thrown roughly down upon the floor. And there in a dark, cold corner it lay forgotten for many days and nights.

"It is winter now," thought the tree. "I shall be sheltered here until the spring. And then I shall be planted again. But I wish it were not so dark and lonely. How pleasant it was in the forest when the snow covered the ground, and the hare was running by! I should not even mind his jumping over me now."

"Squeak, squeak," said a little mouse, creeping timidly toward the tree. Another followed and they slipped into its branches.

"Where do you come from and what do you know, old tree?" asked the mice.

"Tell us about the most beautiful place on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the storeroom where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from the ceiling, and where one can dance on tallow candles, and go in thin and come out fat?"

"I have not been there," said the tree; "but I know the wood where the sun shines, and the birds sing." And then the tree told the mice about its home in the forest.

"How many things you have seen!" exclaimed the mice. "You must have been very happy."

"Do you think so?" said the tree. "Ah, yes, after all those were happy days." And then it told

of the Christmas Eve when it had been dressed with beautiful gifts and bright lights.

"Do you know any more stories?" asked the mice; and when the tree could tell them nothing new, they scampered away, and again it was left alone.

"When will I be carried out of this place?" thought the tree. "Will the time ever come?"

At last the winter was over, and one spring morning the Fir tree was dragged out of the attic and thrown into the garden.

"Now life is beginning again," it thought. "Very soon I shall be planted," and it tried to spread out its branches. But, alas! they were withered and yellow. It lay among the weeds with the star of gold glittering upon its top.

Two children were playing in the garden. One of them came and tore off the star. "Look at the ugly old Christmas tree!" said the child, treading upon its dry branches.

And the tree looked at the fresh and beautiful flowers in the garden and wished itself back in the dark garret.

It thought of the time when it was growing fresh and green in the forest. "All is over," it said. "Oh, that I had enjoyed my life when I could!"

Then the gardener came and chopped the Fir tree into small pieces. A fire was lighted; and the dry wood blazed up brightly and snapped as it burned. It was thinking of the summer days and the winter nights in the green, rustling forest.

And so the tree's life was ended and also the story, for all stories come to an end.

— Hans Christian Andersen.

OLD-TIME STORIES

The stories of old time were told and not written, for in those days there were no books for children. The best of these stories have been retold again and again, and are now printed in books where all may read them. Many of the old-time fables and fairy tales show the danger of doing wrong, while others show how happiness is almost always sure to come to those who do right.

There is an old fairy story of a little maid who was so gentle and kind that roses and diamonds fell from her lips whenever she spoke. This was only another way of saying that kind words are as beautiful and give as much pleasure as flowers and precious stones.

You have all read how the slow-moving turtle won a race with the fleet rabbit. This fable has led many a child that learns slowly, to work hard and reach the first place in his class.

People used to believe that fairies could assume any form they chose. Sometimes they appeared as little men and women with ugly faces and strange dresses. Again they were tall and beautiful like the "Rockaby Lady" who brings dreams to sleeping children. Often they took the form of birds or rabbits or other animals.

The story of Prince Charming and his wonderful ring is one of the very best of the old fairy tales of France. So true is the lesson which this story teaches, that it has been told over and over again for hundreds of years.

Who can guess the meaning of this beautiful story, or tell the real name of the wonderful ring?

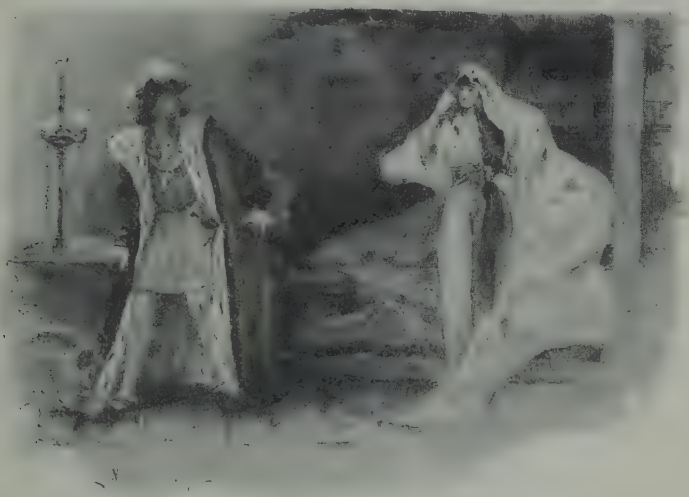
THE MAGIC RING

THERE was once a king so honest and kind and true that his people called him the Good Ruler.

One day when he was walking in the fields, he heard the sound of horns and the tramping feet of horses. Soon he saw a score of men and women,

and a great pack of dogs, all running after a little white rabbit.

The timid creature ran to the king and jumped into his arms. "Not even a rabbit which comes to me for help shall be turned away," said the



king. With kind words, he soothed the trembling animal. Then he carried it to the palace and ordered his servants to give it the best of care.

That night a woman, tall and beautiful, clad in white flowing robes, stood before him.

"I am Fairy Truth," she said. "I was the rabbit whose life you saved to-day. You are indeed

the Good Ruler and I shall always be one of your best friends. You may ask what you will, and I will grant your wish."

"I ask nothing for myself," replied the king, "but I have an only son who is dearer to me than all else. The greatest wish of my life is that he may be happy."

"Shall I make him the handsomest prince in the world?" asked the fairy.

"No," answered the king, "I will not ask that. He might be vain of his good looks and think only of himself."

"Would you like your son to be the richest prince that has ever lived?"

"I do not ask for riches," the king replied, "for riches alone can not make him happy."

"You have only to wish," said the fairy, "and I will give him greater power than any other prince in the world."

"Ah, no," said the king, "power without goodness will not bring happiness. Make my son the best prince in the whole world, and I shall be content."

"There is no better gift than goodness," the fairy answered, "but I can not make him good;

that he must do for himself. I will promise to watch over him and help him, and when he does wrong, I will punish him. More, I can not do."

Not long after, the good king died. As the prince sat grieving in his room, Fairy Truth stood before him as she had once stood before his father.

"I have promised to be your best friend," she said, "and I have brought you a magic ring. It will prick your finger every time you do wrong. Heed its touch and you will be happy."

For a long time the prince ruled his kingdom with justice and kindness, and he hardly felt the touch of the ring upon his finger. Every one loved him, and he was called Happy Prince Charming.

But at length evil companions came and offered him all kinds of pleasure. "A prince should do as he pleases without punishment," they said. And because he did not like to be laughed at, he listened to the young men who wished him to do wrong.

The ring pricked his finger again and again until at last he threw it away in anger. "Now," he said, "I shall be happy once more, for I can do as I please." From this time on he grew more wicked and became more unhappy day by day. No one loved him, and even his bad companions cared only for his money.

One day he saw a poor young girl picking up sticks for a fire. The prince saw that she was very beautiful, and he asked her to be the queen of his country. But to his surprise she refused to go with him to the palace.

"Why will you not go with me?" he asked.

"Because you are not like your father, the Good Ruler," answered the young girl. "I do not wish to be your queen, for you are a wicked man, and you would make me unhappy."

The angry prince called his soldiers, and commanded them to put the girl into prison. No sooner was this done than the prince heard a noise like a clap of thunder. Fairy Truth stood again before him, no longer gentle and kind, but stern and terrible.

"Prince," she said in a voice to which he listened with fear, "I promised your father to punish you if you failed to do right. You have been as fierce as a lion, and as cruel as a bear. Your body shall look like your soul all the rest of your life."

Suddenly the prince found himself in a forest by the bank of a river. He heard a voice saying, "Look in the water, and you will see what wrong-doing has done to your soul."

The prince looked and saw a fierce and ugly beast. With a terrible cry of anger he ran into the forest. But he soon fell into a trap, and the hunters put him into a strong iron cage and took him to his own city.

There he saw crowds of people in the street. All were rejoicing because they had been told that their wicked prince was dead. Then he heard the voice of his old teacher speaking to the people. "The prince has a good heart," he was saying. "I do not believe that he is dead. He will some time return and will be as wise a ruler as his father was before him."

Then the people placed the crown on the head of the old man and begged him to be their king. "I will wear the crown," he said, "and govern the kingdom until the prince returns."

These words made the prince sorry for his evil deeds, and he became as gentle as a lamb. But his keeper was a hard and cruel man, who beat and nearly starved all the animals in his care.

One day a tiger escaped from his cage and was about to spring upon this cruel keeper as he lay asleep. At first the prince was glad, but a better thought came into his mind, and he wished he

were free to save the helpless man. No sooner had he felt this kind wish than the doors of his cage opened wide. He sprang out and killed the tiger and thus saved the keeper's life.

Then a voice was heard to say, "A good deed is always rewarded," and the prince found that he had taken the form of a little white dog. How he rejoiced because he was free from the shape of a fierce wild beast!

The keeper carried the beautiful dog to the palace, and now he was petted and praised and cared for. But the queen, wishing to keep her pet dog from growing larger, gave him nothing to eat except a little bread.

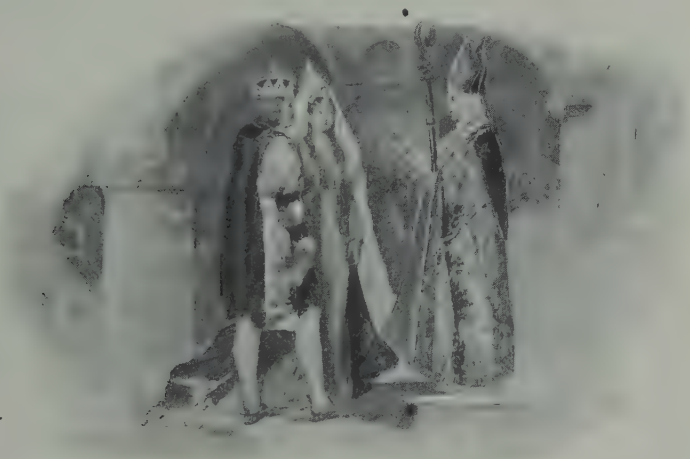
One morning when he received his crust of bread for breakfast, he ran with it to the palace gardens. By the wayside he saw a little child almost dead with hunger.

"Poor thing," he thought, "I know what it is to be hungry. I will give her my bread." So he ran to her and laid the bread at her feet. Again he heard a voice say, "A good deed is always rewarded." And oh, wonderful! He was no longer a dog, but a beautiful dove with white wings.

Then his first thought was to find the young girl

whom he had put in prison. Day after day he flew many weary miles in his search. At last he found her in a desert cave, talking with an old man. He flew into the cave and perched upon her shoulder.

"My beautiful dove," said the maiden, "stay with me, and I will love you always."



The dove vanished, and Prince Charming was again a man, handsome and tall, with a face as kind as when he was a happy boy. The old man, too, disappeared, and in his place stood Fairy Truth in her pure white robes.

"My children," said the fairy, "I now give back to Prince Charming the crown that he has become

good enough to wear. And I will restore to him his kingdom, for he is at last wise enough to govern it."

She had hardly finished speaking when Prince Charming found himself standing in his own palace with his chosen queen by his side. The crown was placed upon his head, and all the people shouted, "Long live the King! Long live the King!"

For many years Prince Charming ruled his kingdom with justice and wisdom. It is said that he always wore the magic ring, and that it never again had reason to prick his finger.

And it is also said that the Prince never grew old in looks, but that year by year, as he became more wise and kind, his face became more beautiful.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

THE CHILD AND THE RAIN

The Rain tapped gently on the pane,
But all its tapping was in vain:
"You can't, you can't come in, Sir Rain,"
The child replied, "and that is plain!
We don't like wet — we do like dry —
You can't come in — you needn't try!"

—M. J. H.

STORIES OF THE RAINBOW

I

In the cloud palaces of the sky lived Queen Juno. Her special attendant was Iris, a beautiful maiden who carried messages between the sky and the earth.

For her use the sun-king had made a bridge of many colors that spanned the sky and was fastened to the earth with a pot of gold. This wonderful bridge shone with bands of red, yellow, and blue, and tints of purple and orange gleamed in its radiant arch.

Whenever Iris was sent to the earth, she tripped lightly over the rainbow bridge. Chains of dew-drops glistened like jewels in her hair, and her robe of many colors floated behind her like a fleecy cloud.

Oftentimes this faithful messenger was bidden to visit the dark land of sleep, and bring back happy dreams for the sad in heart. She was a frequent visitor, too, on the field of battle, where she was sent to aid and protect the heroes that were favorites in the cloud palace of the sky.

Iris loved the rain and the waters of sea and lake and river. The changing colors of the seashells were

once thought to have been caused by her magic touch. And the swordlike leaves of the Iris plant, that grows by many a lake and stream, were thought by the Greek children to be the soldiers of Iris, guarding the flowers that bear her name.

II

One night, just at sunset, an old man found the pot of gold which lies under the end of the rainbow.

His home was far beyond the dark forest through which he was passing. As the pot of gold was very heavy he soon began to look for a safe place in which to hide it until morning.

A poplar tree stood near the path, stretching its branches straight out from the trunk, for that was the way poplar trees grew in the days of long ago.

"Ah," said the man, "this tree is the very place in which to conceal my treasure. All the trees of grove and forest are asleep, I see, and these leaves grow thick upon the branches." He carefully placed the pot of gold in the tree, and hurried home to tell of his good fortune.

Very early the next morning, before the sun was up, Iris, the rainbow goddess, missed the precious

pot of gold. She hurried to the ruler of earth and air and told him of the loss. The messenger, Hermes, was immediately sent in search of the lost treasure, and he soon came to the forest in which it was hidden.

He awakened the trees and asked them if they had seen the pot of gold. They shook their heads sleepily and murmured something which Hermes could not understand.

Then the great ruler himself spoke to them. "Hold your arms high above your heads," he said, "that I may see if all are awake."

Up went the arms, but, alas, down to the ground came the pot of gold. No tree of the wood was more surprised than the poplar. He was a very honest tree, and for a moment he hung his head in grief and shame. Then again he stretched his arms high above his head and said: —

"Forgive me, great father; hereafter I shall stand in this way that you may know I hide nothing from the sight of my king."

At first the poplar tree was much laughed at, and he was often told that he looked liked a great umbrella which a storm had turned inside out.

But as years went by every small poplar was taught

to grow as fearless, straight, and open-hearted as himself, and the whole poplar family became respected and loved for their uprightness and strength.

— Flora J. Cooke.

IRIS

The Sun-king has thrown out the rainbow bridge,
And Iris is coming down,
All decked in glistening gems of rain
And robed in a royal gown;
In trailing robes of silvery mist,
She comes in her golden crown.

Her namesakes down by the water's edge,
Stand clad in their cloaks of blue,
The stately flags that the children know —
Like soldiers tried and true;
With swords unsheathed and pointing up,
Through the shining mist and dew.

She sees that her precious pot of gold,
Safe under the rainbow lies,
She gives to the kindly smiling earth,
Her jewels fresh from the skies,
And showering smiles on flowers and trees,
Back over the bridge she flies.

— Carrie Shaw Rice.

A LITTLE HERO OF HOLLAND

I WONDER if you have ever read about a strange country that is lower than the water which borders its shore? "How can this be?" you ask. "Would not the water at once flow over all the land?"

But Holland is just such a country. It is very low, and it lies close to the ocean. Great walls called dikes are built to keep back the sea, which is forever trying to get in and spread itself over the country.

Every boy and girl in Holland knows how important it is that these dikes be tight and strong. For even a little break, if not quickly mended, would soon grow larger and larger; and then the angry waves would pour in and flood the towns and villages.

It does not look dangerous — this great sea that seems so quiet and so grand! You would never think that it was trying to come ashore and do so much harm. But the people of Holland know what the sea will do, and so they wall it out and keep the walls strong at every point.

Is not this wonderful? It seems even more wonderful as we go along the coast and see how the great dikes are built. Many of them are as tall as

a three-story house. Trees grow upon them, and houses are built on their tops.

The dikes are carefully guarded by day and by night. When a terrible storm is raging, old ocean sometimes dashes great waves to the very top of the high sea walls. In case of danger, alarm bells are rung, and every one hurries to help build the sea wall higher or to repair it.

The canals of Holland are almost as wonderful as the dikes. There are many of them and they connect the largest cities with the sea. Where the canals flow into the ocean there are great gates to keep the water from rushing in. Strong men carefully guard these water gates, and open and close them for the ships to come and go.

There is a beautiful story told of a brave little boy of Holland, whose father was one of the keepers of the water gates. One day his mother came to the window of her cottage and called to him. "Come, Peter," she said. "I want you to carry some cakes to the old blind man who lives in the hut on the dike. You have time enough to go and return before the sun sets."

Peter left his brother and sister playing under a large willow tree. "You'll see me back before the

stars come out," he said. "But if it were the darkest night, I would not be afraid to go."

It was not long before Peter had climbed the steep

side of the dike and reached the little hut upon its top. He made the old blind man very happy with his mother's gift and his own cheery words. The little

lad stayed for a few moments to pick some flowers for his mother, and to watch the white-capped waves dash against the great sea wall.

"You would like to break through and spoil our lands and homes, you wicked sea," he said. "I am glad the walls are high and strong, and that my father watches the gates."

He turns toward home, and now he can see far off the red roof of his own cottage. He thinks of the warm fire and the table spread for supper, as he walks carefully down the steep bank.

But hark! He hears a low, trickling sound, and the child grows pale with terror. He drops his flowers and in a moment is up the bank. There, stealing through the sand, he sees a slender stream of water not yet as large as his hand. Peter is only a child, but young as he is, he knows the meaning of this dreadful thing.

'Tis a leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.

For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,—
And shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!

He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.

And he hears the rough wind blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.

He sees no help, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

Clouds cover the stars, and the night is dark and lonely. The cold wind blows through his thin clothing. No answer comes to his calls, and he grows weary with shouting. Yet still he presses with all the strength of his little arm to keep back the water, and to prevent the leak from growing larger.

He thinks of his father and mother, of his brother and sister, and wonders if they will come at last and find him. But he has no thought of leaving the place where duty holds him fast.

An anxious party of friends and neighbors are searching for the missing boy. At last they find him, still holding back the trickling stream with his slender arm. They carry him to his mother with great rejoicing, for many lives and homes have that night been saved by his heroic act.

This all happened many years ago. Yet when the sea roars like a flood outside the great dikes, the children of Holland are still told the story of the little hero whose courage saved the land.

DUTCH CHILDREN AND THEIR HOMES

The people of Holland are called Dutch and their children are as interesting as the strange country in which they live.

The Dutch children look like little old men and women, for they are usually dressed just like their fathers and mothers. Both boys and girls wear heavy wooden shoes, and they take them off as Japanese children do when they go into the house. How fast they run over the ground in their low, thick shoes, and what a clatter they make!

Let us take a look at the strange places in which some of the Dutch children live. In many of the

cities of Holland the canals form the principal streets, and in the country, canals are often used as roads. Sometimes the houses are built so close to a canal that the children can easily lean out of the windows and drop their fishing lines into the water.

Beyond the red roofs of the towns the green fields appear to be striped with the silvery water ways. Notice the windmills. There are hundreds of them. They stand in rows along the water's edge like huge giants with their sails set to catch the wind. The Dutch children never tire of watching their long arms turning around and around.

The windmill towers are so large that the first story is often used for a house; so you see, some of the children of Holland live in windmills. Others have their homes, and even their gardens, upon canal boats. They eat, sleep, play, and take care of the

garden, while the boat travels about from one place to another.

The boys and girls of Holland are seldom idle. The girls help their mothers about the house, for the Dutch spend much of their time in keeping things clean. They wash the outside of their houses and even scrub the streets.

The girls that live in the country milk the cows and make butter and cheese. Some of them herd the geese, of which there are thousands on the canals. Whenever they have a spare moment, they knit long blue stockings. They knit standing in the doorway; they knit when they are walking, and, indeed, one seldom sees a Dutch girl without her knitting.

The homes of the Dutch are very quaint and interesting. The floor is often laid with smooth, red tiles. A brass kettle, shining brightly, hangs over the open fire, and at one side of the fireplace there is usually a tall, carved clock.

Many of the houses are built of yellow-and-black brick set in curious figures. How tall most of them are with their sharp, peaked roofs!

The boys help their fathers on the farms and canals. They learn to manage the windmills that are always at work pumping water, grinding corn,

and running the factories. They often train dogs to draw their carts for them, and it is said that Dutch boys are noted for their kindness to animals.

The children of Holland are very fond of the storks. These long-legged birds are friends to the people, for they eat the reptiles that would destroy the dikes. The storks build their nests in the trees and on the chimneys of the houses. Often we see one of the great birds standing on one leg upon the roof, guarding his nest.

Winter is a merry season in Holland. Then all the canals are frozen and everybody has skates. The first day of skating every year is observed as a holiday. Then crowds of men, women, and children can be seen on the ice, skating, riding, or sailing in ice boats.

What strange-looking sleighs! Here is one in the shape of a great shell. There a merry party of children glide along in a wooden swan on runners. At night the whole scene is brilliant with moving lights.

Holland is a country that will always be dear to us, for it was there that the Pilgrim fathers found a home before they sailed in the *Mayflower* for the new land across the seas.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE

My beautiful, my beautiful,
That standest meekly by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck,
And dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now
With all thy wingèd speed;
I'm not to mount on thee again;
Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Slow and unmounted I shall roam,
With weary foot alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound,
Thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well,
I'll pause and sadly think,
"'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck,
When last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink? — away!
The fevered dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know
That we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful,
For hunger's power is strong;

They tempted me, my beautiful,
  But I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up?
  Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed!
  I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back
  To scour the distant plains;
Away — who overtakes us now
  Shall claim thee for his pains!

— Caroline E. Norton

AHMED AND HIS CAMEL

Hassan was a camel driver who dwelt at Gaza. It was his business to go with caravans, back and forth, across the desert to Suez, to help take care of the camels. He had a wife and one young son, called Ahmed.

Hassan had been absent for many weeks, when his wife received from him a message, brought by another camel driver who had returned with a caravan from Suez.

It said, "Send the boy with the camel to Suez with the next caravan. I have some merchandise to

bring home, and I will stop at Suez till he comes."

Ahmed's mother was sad at the thought of sending her young son alone on such a journey. But she said to herself that Ahmed was now quite old enough to be helping his father; and she at once began to make preparations for his long ride.

Ahmed got out the trappings for the camel, and looked at the water bottles to see that they did not leak.

The boy was delighted to think that he was to go to his father, and that at last the day was come when he was to take a journey with his dear old camel. Long had he wished to ride on its back across the desert and to lie down by its side to rest at night.

The camel, of which Ahmed was so fond, had been bought by his father with the savings of many a year's hard work, and it formed the sole riches of the family. Hassan was looked upon as quite a rich man by the other camel drivers, and Ahmed was proud that his father was the owner of a camel.

Hassan called his camel by an Arabian word which meant Meek-eye. Though it was a great creature by the side of Ahmed, it would obey the

voice of the young boy, and come and go at his bidding, and lie down and rise up just as he wished.

At length there was a caravan about to start for Suez which Ahmed could join. The party met near the gates of the city, where there were some wells at which the water bottles could be filled. Ahmed bade farewell to his mother and started with the caravan. The camels which were to lead the way had jingling bells around their necks which the others, hearing, followed without other guidance.

Ahmed looked back and saw his mother standing near the city gate. He took off his cap and waved it, and his mother took off the linen cloth which she wore over her head and waved it. Tramp, tramp, tramp went the camels, their spongy feet making a soft noise as they trod the ground. The camel drivers laughed and talked to each other.

Ahmed was the only boy in the caravan, and no one seemed to notice him, but he had a stout heart, and tried not to care. He could talk to Meek-eye, and this he did, patting the creature's back and telling him they would soon see his father.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the day grew hotter and hotter. The morning breeze died away, and the noon was close and sultry. The sand

glowed like fire. There was nothing to be seen but sand and sky. At midday a halt was made at one of the places well known to the drivers, where shade and water could be found.

The water bottles were not to be touched that day, for at this place a little stream, which gushed from a rock, supplied enough for the men, while the camels needed no water for many days.

After resting a short time the kneeling camels were made to rise, the riders first placing themselves on their backs, and the caravan then moved on. At night the party encamped for rest; the camels lay down, fires were lighted, and food was prepared. Several days were thus passed, and Ahmed found that he liked this free and easy life quite as well as he thought he should.

No hostile Arabs were met with, or even seen; but a danger of the desert far worse than a party of wild Arabs came suddenly upon them. There sprang up, one day at noon, one of those fearful burning winds which do such mischief to the traveler and his camel. The loose, hot sand rose up in the air like a cloud. It filled the nostrils and blinded the eyes.

The only thing to be done was for the men to get off the backs of the camels and lie down with their

faces to the earth. After the storm had passed they attempted to continue their journey. But the sand had blown so as to cover the beaten track, and thus all trace of the road was lost.

The camel drivers who led the caravan stood still, and they did not know which way to turn. Not a rock nor a palm tree was to be seen in the distance, and no one could tell where was the south, toward which their faces ought to be turned. They wandered on, now turning to the right and now to the left. Sometimes, when they had gone some distance in one direction, they retraced their steps and tried another.

The caravan made a halt, and it was now decided to journey toward the setting sun, in the hope of finding once more the right track. Night came on, however, and they had not found it, nor had they reached any place where the empty water bottles could be filled.

Once or twice some one of the party fancied that he saw in the distance the top of a palm tree; but it proved to be only a little cloud upon the horizon. They had not yet found the old track; neither had they supplied themselves with water to cool their parched lips.

II

Poor Ahmed suffered like the rest from terrible thirst. He drank the last drop of water from his water bottle, and thought of the morrow with fear. He was so tired when night came that he was glad to lie down by the side of Meek-eye and go to sleep. Ahmed slept, but before morning he was awakened by the sound of voices.

He listened, and heard the chief driver tell one of the merchants that, if they did not find water the next day, a camel must be killed, in order to get the water contained in its stomach. This is often done in cases of great need in the desert, the stomach of the camel being so formed as to hold a great quantity of water.

Ahmed was not surprised to hear such a thing spoken of; but what was his distress and alarm when he heard the merchant propose that the boy's camel should be killed!

The merchant said the other camels were of too good a kind and of too much value; and, indeed, what business had this young boy to have a camel of his own? It would be better far, they said, for him to lose his camel than to die, like the rest, of

thirst. And so it was decided that Meek-eye should be killed unless water were found the next morning.

Ahmed slept no more. His heart was full of grief; but his grief was mixed with courage. He resolved that Meek-eye should not die.

His father had trusted him to bring the camel, and what would he say if his son should arrive at Suez without the animal? He would leave the caravan as soon as possible, and try to find his way alone.

That night, when all was quiet, and the merchant and camel driver were asleep, Ahmed arose, and, gently patting the neck of Meek-eye, awoke him. He placed his empty bag and water bottles on the camel's back, and, seating himself, made signs for the creature to rise, and then suddenly started off.

Tramp, tramp, tramp went Meek-eye over the soft sand. The night was cool and refreshing, and Ahmed felt stronger and braver with every step. The stars were shining brightly, and they were his only guides. He knew the star which was always in the north, and the one which was in the west after the sun had gone down. He must keep that star to the right, and he would be sure to be going toward the south.

He journeyed on till day began to dawn. The sun came up on the edge of the desert, and rose

higher and higher. Ahmed felt faint, weary, and thirsty, and could scarcely hold himself on to the camel's back. But when he thought of his father and mother he took courage again, and bore up bravely.

The sun was now at its height. Ahmed fancied he saw a palm tree in the distance. It seemed as if Meek-eye saw it also, for he raised his head and quickened his step. It was not long before they reached one of those pleasant green and shady spots in the desert that are called oases.

Ahmed threw himself from the camel's back, and soon found a pool of water in the midst of the reeds and long grass which grew there. He dipped in his bottle and drank, while Meek-eye, lying down, stretched out his long neck and greedily sucked up great draughts of the cool water.

How sweet was the sleep which crept over them as they lay in the shade of the great palm tree, after they had quenched their thirst! Refreshed and rested, Ahmed was able to satisfy his hunger on some ripe dates from the palm tree, while Meek-eye began to feed upon the grass and leaves around.

Ahmed noticed, while eating his dates, that other travelers had been there recently, as the grass at the side of the pool was trampled down. This greatly

AHMED IN THE OASIS.

cheered him, and he quickly followed in their track. Tired and faint with hunger, he traveled on for many a weary mile, till at last he saw, a long way off, the fires of a caravan which had halted for the night.

Ahmed soon reached the camp. He got down from Meek-eye, and, leading him by the bridle, came toward a group of camel drivers, who were sitting in a circle. He told them his story, and asked permission to join the party, and begged a little rice, for which he was ready to pay with the piece of money that his mother had given him when he left home.

The lad was kindly received by the men, and invited to join them at their evening meal. They admired the courage with which he had saved his favorite camel. After supper Ahmed soon closed his weary eyes, and slept soundly by the side of Meek-eye.

In the midst of a pleasant dream Ahmed was suddenly aroused by the sound of tinkling bells, and on waking he saw that another caravan had arrived.

The merchants sat down to wait until their supper was brought to them, and a party of camel drivers drew round the fire near which Ahmed had been sleeping. They raked up its ashes, put on fresh fuel, and then prepared to boil their rice.

What voice was that which roused Ahmed just as he was falling asleep again? He listened, he started to his feet, he looked about him, and waited for a flash of flame from the fire to fall on the faces of the camel drivers who stood around it.

It came flickering up at first, and then, all at once blazed out, and lighted up the face of Ahmed's father, who stood stooping over it. He had waited at Suez many days, wondering why Ahmed did not come; and then he had determined to return home with a caravan which was starting for Gaza.

We need hardly describe the joy of both father and son, nor the pleasure with which the father listened to the history of all the fears and dangers to which his young son had been exposed. He was glad, too, that their precious Meek-eye had been saved from death.

There was no one in the whole caravan so happy as Hassan, when, the next morning, he continued his journey to Gaza in company with Meek-eye and his beloved son Ahmed.

A LITTLE MILL GIRL

WOULD you like to hear the story of a little mill girl who lived in New England more than half a century ago? Her home was in Lowell, on the Merrimac River, not far from the Atlantic Ocean.

Along the banks of the river were many factories whose wheels were turned by the swiftly flowing waters. In fancy let us visit one of the great cotton manufactories as they were when Lucy Larcom was a little girl and worked in the mills.

Here are bales and bundles of cotton which grew in the sunny fields of the South. On every side wheels are turning, and bands are whirling, and spindles are whizzing. The great machines do their work so skillfully that they seem almost to think. They clean the cotton until it is as white as milk, and then they twist its weblike fibers into thin, long threads and weave them into cloth. Hundreds of men and women are at work in the factory attending the machines.

In one of the rooms children are playing about. What can they be doing in such a busy place as this? Yonder, in a corner, some little girls are listening to

a story. Lucy Larcom, a child of eleven, is entertaining her playmates with a fairy tale.

Suddenly the children leave their play, and each one runs to her place at the spinning frames. The bobbins have been slowly filling with the threads of twisted cotton. Now they are full, and they must be replaced by empty ones. This work is done by the little girls of the mill.

It will be nearly an hour before the bobbins will need changing again, and while the cotton threads are winding round and round the great spools, the children are allowed to go through the factory. This is a rare pleasure, and they run from one room to another with interest and delight.

With what wonder they gaze down at the drip-

ping rim of the great water wheel, which turns with its mighty power all other wheels in the mill! How delighted they are to see the thread from their own bobbins woven into long strips of fine white cloth!

From the windows of the work room the children can look down on the green lawn that slopes from the mill to the river. The stream winds in great curves through the meadows. Beyond lie beautiful hills, and far away are the purple mountains.

Every summer a fleet of canoes filled with Indians glides down the stream. They land at a grassy point and set up their camp of wigwams. After a few weeks they depart as silently as they came. The visit of the Indians is one of the interesting sights of the year to the young workers.

Lucy Larcom, the little girl who liked to tell fairy stories to her companions, was a great lover of reading. She was not allowed to bring books into the mill, so she pasted newspaper clippings containing her favorite poems on the sides of the window frame near which she sat. She read the verses over and over until she knew them by heart, and could repeat them while she worked at the spinning machines. As she grew older she cared less for play, and spent more time in reading and study.

Lucy loved poetry, and she could make verses as easily as a bird can sing. For this reason she was asked to fill the poet's corner in a paper published by the older girls of the mill.

The poet Whittier heard about the Lowell mill girls and their paper. He came to see them, and he read the rhymes of the young verse maker. Ever afterward he was her most helpful friend.

The young mill girl longed most earnestly to go to school. She was tired of the endless turning of the wheels and the never ceasing noise of the factory. But she was devoted to her mother, who needed her help; and year after year the young girl worked faithfully on, without complaint.

In the winter she used to go to the mill while the stars were yet shining in the sky, and return at night after the candles were lighted. But she spent her spare moments in reading and study; and when at last the time came for her to go to school, she was ready to make the most of her opportunity.

She became a happy, helpful woman; and the poems that she has written are so sweet and beautiful that people like to read them and remember them.

THE SING-AWAY BIRD

HAVE you ever heard of the Sing-away bird,
That sings where the Runaway River
Runs down with its rills from the bald-headed hills
That stand in the sunshine and shiver?
"Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
How the pines and the birches are stirred
By the trill of the Sing-away bird!

'Twas a white-coated sparrow that sped a light arrow
Of song from his musical quiver,
And it pierced with its spell every valley and dell
On the banks of the Runaway River.
"Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
And the river runs singing along,
And the flying winds catch up the song.

—LUCY LARCOM.

MARCH

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;

Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
  Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
  Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
  Into their places at last:
Little white lily-buds, dripping
  Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses;
  Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
  Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
  Forth at the wild bugle sound:
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
  Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
  Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass from your pillow!
  Hear who is calling you — March!

— Lucy Larcom.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE WILDERNESS

GEORGE WASHINGTON was only sixteen years old when he went into the forests of Virginia to survey the wild land belonging to his neighbor, Lord Fairfax. So well did he perform this work, that a few years later he was asked to undertake a much more difficult and dangerous journey.

At that time, the Great Woods, as the land beyond the Ohio River was then called, was claimed by both the English and the French. The hunters of both nations traded with the Indians, and both sides tried to gain the friendship of the wild men of the forest.

The governor of Virginia resolved to send the French a message, telling them that the land belonged to the English and that as the French had no right to it, they were not to build their forts upon it.

The person to be sent was to make his way for hundreds of miles through a forest. He must cross a wild and rocky range of mountains, and rivers which were wide and deep. He was also expected to make friends with the Indians. George Washington was selected to undertake this dangerous task and to carry the important message to the French commander.

On the very day that Washington received his

orders, he started on his journey in company with three white men and two friendly Indians. They were obliged to carry all their supplies with them on horseback. In the daytime they rode through the woods, and at night they set up their tents near a spring or a stream of water.

After many days of travel they came to an Indian village. The chief was full of polite speeches, but he would make no promise to help the English, instead of the French, should war break out between England and France.

He offered, however, to go with Washington to see the French commander, who was at a fort many

miles to the north. Washington accepted his offer, and after a long and freezing ride they reached the fort, and the message was safely delivered.

After some days of waiting, the French commander wrote a reply to the message, stating that he could not and would not give up the country; he was ordered to hold it, and he meant to obey his orders. This was all that could be obtained from him. Washington took the letter and prepared to return with it to the governor of Virginia.

Washington and his companions were furnished with canoes to aid them in carrying their baggage, and with supplies for their journey. The boats were rowed down the stream, and the horses followed by land.

It was in the depth of winter, and the weather was bitter cold. The river was full of floating ice, and the canoes were in frequent danger of being crushed to pieces. At one time the men were obliged to leave the river and carry the canoes on their backs, before they could find open water again.

At length they reached the Indian village, where they parted with the chief and his warriors. Washington with his little company of men then set out on horseback through the forests of Virginia.

The water and snow had frozen in the forest paths. At every step the poor horses broke through the hard crust. They often stumbled, and more than once fell beneath their riders.

It soon became plain to Washington that he would never reach Virginia with the message, if he depended on the horses to carry him there. He therefore determined to take the journey on foot through the wilderness.

So he and a single companion, a hunter who knew how to live in the woods, set out together. They packed a few provisions, strapped their knapsacks on their backs, took their rifles, and pushed into the woods. As there was no need for the remainder of the party to hasten, they were left to follow with the horses in the best manner that they could.

The long and dangerous march of the two brave men then began. They were in the midst of a great wilderness which was covered with snow, and they could only guess at the way. And what was worse than all, they were surrounded by unfriendly Indians. Perhaps in all Washington's long life he was never in greater danger. It seemed very doubtful whether he and his companion would ever return alive to Virginia.

But they marched on without fear. When they were hungry, they ate some of the provisions carried in their knapsacks; and at night they slept by a fire in the woods.

They met many dangers besides cold and hunger. At one time an Indian, who offered to be their guide, tried to shoot Washington. Having missed his aim, he was taken prisoner, but Washington would not allow him to be punished as he deserved.

The Indian's gun was taken away from him and he was allowed to return to his cabin. Now the travelers were in greater danger than before, for they knew that the Indian would soon come back with others to attack them. The only chance for their lives was to get away.

All night long the weary men pressed forward through the forest. Morning came, but still they made no halt for rest. On and on they dragged their tired feet, toiling through the snow. Not until night came again did they think it safe to stop for the sleep they so much needed.

And now they had nearly reached their journey's end. In a few days more they would be at home. But they must first cross a wide river. They reached

the banks, expecting to find the stream frozen, when, behold! it was full of floating ice.

They built a fire and lay down to rest, and to think what could be done. In the morning they felled trees, and made a rude raft by tying the trunks together with the long stems of wild grapevines.

They dragged the raft to the edge of the ice that lined the river bank. Then the two men got upon it, and pushed it into the water with long poles which they had cut for the purpose. Soon the raft was driving on into the midst of the broken ice.

The current was strong, and in spite of all they could do the ice swept the raft down the stream. Washington was thrown into the water, and it was only by a hard struggle that he was able to climb upon the floating logs again.

At last the ice drove the raft upon a small island, and the two men managed to reach the land. There was no wood to be found for a fire, and the weather was very cold. Drenched with water, Washington was obliged to pass the night without fire or shelter.

But how could they get to the shore? The raft had been carried away down the stream, and there were no trees that could be cut to build another.

Must they perish when the long, hard journey was so nearly ended?

In the morning a joyful sight met their eyes. The intense cold had frozen the floating blocks of ice together, and there was a solid pathway to the bank of the river. They crossed the stream without trouble, although Washington's companion walked in great pain with frozen feet and hands.

With brave hearts they traveled on. Very soon they came to the house of a trader who supplied all their needs. Washington bought a horse, and in a few days he reached Virginia, and placed the message from the French commander safely in the hands of the governor. —John Esten Cooke.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SCHOOL DAYS

When Abraham Lincoln was a boy, there were very few books in the cabins of the backwoods settlement where he lived. There was no schoolhouse in the neighborhood; but it was not long before the people made up their minds that they must have one. So one day after harvest the men met together, chopped down trees, and built a small, low-roofed log cabin to serve as a schoolhouse for the children of the settlement.

If you could see that cabin, you would think it a very queer kind of schoolhouse. There was no floor except the trodden earth. One small window admitted light through strips of greased paper which the early settlers often used in place of glass. There were no desks, and rough benches, made of logs split in halves, were used as seats. In one end of the room, opposite the low doorway, was a huge fireplace, where great logs crackled and blazed in the winter time.

The term of school was short, for the settlers could not afford to pay very much for a teacher. It was in midwinter, for then there was no work for the older boys to do on the newly cleared farms.

The big boys, as well as the girls and the smaller boys, for miles around, came to school to learn what they could. Most of the children studied only spelling, but some of the larger ones learned reading and writing and arithmetic.

There were not very many pupils, for the houses in that new settlement were few and far apart. The school began at an early hour in the morning, and did not close until the sun was down.

Such was Abraham Lincoln's first school. After a few weeks the term came to a close; and the lad

was again as busy as ever about his father's farm. After that he attended school only two or three short terms. If all his school days were put together, they would not make a twelvemonth.

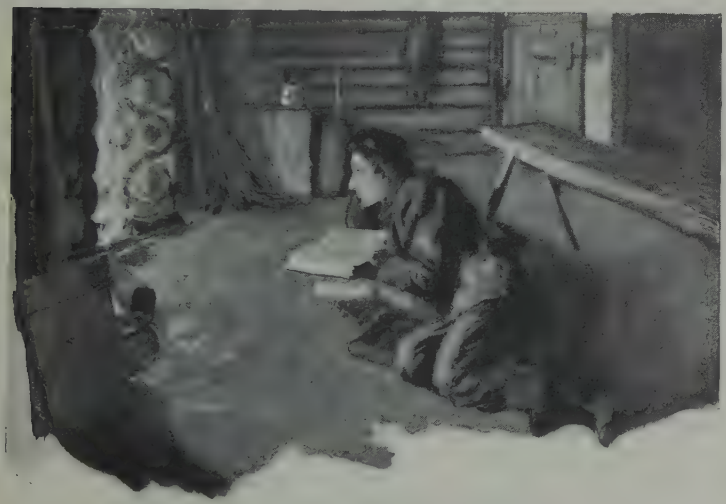
But he kept on reading and studying at home. His stepmother said of him: "He read everything he could lay his hands on. When he came to a passage that pleased him, he would write it down on the wooden shovel or on boards, if he had no paper. Then he would copy it, commit it to memory, and repeat it again and again."

Lincoln's father was too poor to furnish lamps, or even candles, for his family to burn at night. However, they had a big fireplace at one end of the log house. There was wood in plenty, and Lincoln brought in piles of dry logs for the fire.

The bright blaze shed a strong light over all the room, and the boy, lying flat on the floor with his books in front of him, spent his long evenings in reading and study. In this way he read the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Æsop's Fables many times over.

One day Lincoln walked a long distance to borrow a book of a farmer. This book was a life of Washington. He read as much of it as he could

while walking home. By that time it was dark, and so he sat down by the chimney and read by firelight until bed time. Then he took the book with him to his bed in the loft, and read by the light of a tallow candle. In an hour the candle burned out.



He laid the book in a crevice between two of the logs of the cabin, so that he might begin reading again as soon as it was daylight. But in the night a storm came up. The rain was blown in, and the book was wet through and through. In the morning, when Abraham awoke, he saw what had happened. He dried the leaves as well as

he could, and then finished reading the remaining chapters.

As soon as he had eaten his breakfast, he hurried to carry the book to its owner. He explained how the accident had happened, and then he said: "I wish to pay you for the book. I have no money; but if you will let me, I will work for you until I have earned enough to pay for it." It was then agreed that the lad should help the farmer gather corn for three days, and thus Abraham became the owner of the delightful book.

He read the story of Washington many times over. He carried the book with him to the field, and read it while he was following the plow. From that time, Washington was the one great hero whom he admired. Why could not he model his own life after that of Washington?

Abraham Lincoln was determined to get an education. His efforts to improve himself attracted the attention of all who knew him, and in spite of his shabby clothes, he was greatly respected.

One day a neighbor, riding along the road with his little boy, passed young Lincoln sitting on the top of an old rail fence. The lad was reading so intently that he did not notice the approach of the wagon.

"Mark what I say," said the father, "that boy will make a smart man of himself some day. If you live, you will find that my words will come true."

And come true they did.

MY COUNTRY

I LOVE my country's vine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide,
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her flowery dales,
Her shady dells, her pleasant vales,
Abodes of peaceful rest.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
All have their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
The Land of Liberty!

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad of the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one came of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hands on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was — "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION

FAR to the East there lived, in the days of old, an Arab who was known in all the country round. Now this man had neither gold nor silver, houses nor lands; but of horses he had seven and ten.

Fleet as the wind, graceful as a deer, and gentle as a dove were each and all of these beautiful horses. Their owner loved them next to his own sons. Not one would he sell, — no, not for the wealth of kings or princes.

Now it came to pass that the Arab suddenly became ill unto death. And he called his three sons together that he might divide his riches among them. To the eldest son he gave one half of his horses, to the second son one third, and to the youngest one ninth.

When the days of mourning were ended, the sons met to divide the horses according to their father's will, and they were greatly troubled.

"How can I take one half of seventeen horses?" said the eldest son. "A living horse can not be cut in twain."

"And how can I," said the second son, "possess one third of seventeen horses? But such was my father's command."

"My father's words I fain would keep," said the youngest son, "but one ninth of seventeen horses will give a merciful man but one."

"I see a holy man riding by," said the eldest son. "Let us make him our judge."

Now when the case was laid before the monk, he thought long and carefully. And then he spoke: —

"Accept, I pray thee, my poor steed, and let him be added to the seventeen." This was done, and eighteen horses were brought before the judge.

"The eldest son may now take one half of the horses," directed the monk. And the eldest son led forth nine.

"Let the second son take one third as his own," continued the wise man.

The second son called his favorite horses, and six noble animals came running to his side.

"One ninth is the share of the youngest son, and therefore two are his lot, for so do I judge," again said the wise monk.

"Well hast thou judged!" said all the sons. "And now, O holy man, name thy reward."

"I will take all the horses that are left," said the monk, with a smile. And he rode away with neither more nor less than his own. — *From the Arabic.*

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

—St. Matthew.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY AND MR. TOIL

DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he was like a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very good man; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world.

Yet Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly face for all little boys or big men who liked to be idle. His voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly.

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; and now he punished a whole class who were behind with their lessons. Unless a lad chose to attend to his book, he had

no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"I can't bear this any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly. He had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man who was walking slowly along the road. "Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike for Mr. Toil. He was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with some one of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he accepted the stranger's offer, and they walked on together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass. He thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long. But, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us."

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man,

who seemed to be the owner of the field. He had stripped off his coat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone.

Now, strange to say, the face of this old farmer was the same as that of old Mr. Toil.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who is a farmer. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. He won't trouble you unless you become a laborer on his farm." Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil.

The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were building a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes; and he could not help thinking that

he should like to take a broad-ax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, in fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" said he. "There he is again."

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he is overseeing the carpenters. It is my old schoolmaster."

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man with a carpenter's rule. This person went about the house, marking out the work that was to be done, and continually urging the other carpenters to be diligent.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly. "But if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

They made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music, that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a long sword in his hand.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a very severe fellow; but we need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on their journey. By and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. I am sure we shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod.

"O dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his who is a fiddler. He generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure. But his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly to the stranger. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages. But wherever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

"Oh, take me back! — take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had

traveled in a circle, instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. The poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

Some people who have heard little Daffydowndilly's story believe that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and that he could change himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward he was always diligent at his task, because he had found out that diligence is no more toilsome than sport or idleness.

And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approval made his face almost as pleasant as that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the tree tops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!"
But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow me — follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violet whispered, "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see:
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Said, "Follow me — follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the skies.
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leap-frog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills,
Were foaming mad with him!
And it was dark as darkest night could be,
But still came the Wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices with "Follow him, follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go — let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he!
But the thunder growled from the black cloud, "No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"
And an old gray Owl from a tree top flew
Saying, "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed. "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay!"
Oh! the awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the Moon looked out from the cloud and said
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"

And the little boy promised — and cried and cried —
He would never leave his mother's side;
And the Moonlight led him over the plain,
And his mother welcomed him home again,
But oh! what a day
When the little boy ran away!

— Anonymous.

THE BOY POET

A boy was plowing in a field one day near his home on his father's farm in New England. Back and forth he drove the patient oxen, leaving a clean-cut furrow of the upturned earth behind him which curled over like the crest of a wave.

John Greenleaf Whittier's Home.

He wore a battered straw hat, pulled so far down that it almost hid his face; but the brim was torn, and through it one could catch a glimpse of brown tanned cheeks, red lips, and laughing eyes. The boy

was barefooted, and his trousers were rolled up to his knees.

As he drove near the edge of the field, his bright eyes kept a sharp lookout for some of the treasures which he knew were hidden in the grass or on the vines that clambered over the tangled thicket.

There were clumps of wild strawberries, half hidden in their own crinkled leaves. There were clusters of blackberries ready to burst with spicy, crimson juice. Every now and then he would cease the merry tune he was whistling, stop the plow, and run to pick a handful of berries. After he had eaten them he would come back to his work, and take up the tune just where he had left it.

In the wood near by, a little brook ran, singing to itself as it rippled under the shadows of the trees upon its banks. The boy loved its song and was always glad when he could guide his slow plow through the turf that lay within hearing of its sound.

As he trudged along he was thinking of the happy hours that he had spent in the woods. One day just as he had climbed to the top of a tree by the brook, he heard the splash of a mink fishing downstream. He parted the branches to see

if he could catch a glimpse of the sharp-nosed little hunter.

When the leaves were pushed away he found himself looking into a robin's nest. There lay five blue eggs, a handful of sky-colored jewels. He picked them up, one by one, admired their beauty, and laid them softly back, almost holding his breath for fear of doing harm to the little life within.

Oh, how well he knew the dear out of doors and how much he loved it! But there was something else the barefoot boy loved just as well, and that was poetry. He could make verses himself, and he strove to put into rhyme his thoughts about the out-door world.

Some day he meant to write about a favorite nook by the brookside where walnut trees grew, and squirrels with ruddy tails scolded him when he shook the nuts from the trees. Sometime he would tell why the quail says, "Bob White," and how the robin came to have a red breast.

He was thinking so hard about all these things that he did not notice how long the shadows were growing. Suddenly he heard his sister calling the cows, and then he remembered that it was time to go home for his supper.

After all the work had been finished that night, the boy sat on the doorstep of his home, eating bread and milk out of a wooden bowl. The sky overhead was glowing with the purple and gold of sunset. Even the croaking of the frogs sounded like music in his ears.

As the light faded from the sky, and the stars and fireflies came twinkling out together, the boy made himself a promise that he would one day be a poet. And this promise was kept so well that there is hardly any one in all this broad land that has not read some of the poems of John Greenleaf Whittier.

— Bertha F. Gordon.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan
With thy turned up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy!
I was once a barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And how the ground mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine;
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay.

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,

Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;

Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked to me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond.

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy, if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy, if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—John G. Whittier.

LIFE

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, brave heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

A LAND OF MOUNTAINS

THE first thing that one notices in Switzerland is a high, wild, and very beautiful mountain range. Its lower slopes are covered with vineyards, orchards, wheat fields, and meadows, with pleasant villages in every valley.

Higher up we see green forests of oak and walnut, then tall dark pines and firs. After this we find low shrubs full of bright flowers, and green pastures with herds of cows and goats, feeding upon them. Higher still are the tall, sharp peaks covered with ice and snow, and glittering in the sunshine like diamonds.

Bright streams flow through the pleasant green valleys, leaping over steep rocks in waterfalls, some of which are so high that the water in falling changes into spray or mist. Sometimes the streams go leaping and dancing into hollows among the moun-

tains and make beautiful lakes that smile in the sunshine and reflect the snowy peaks above them, or the green forest around them.

The peasants, who have their little farms on the mountains, own many cattle, sheep, and goats. In

the spring, as soon as the snow is gone, the men go with their cows away up to the high mountain pastures. There they stay until the snow comes again in the autumn, living in small straw-roofed cottages, making cheese, and having hardly anything to eat except milk and cheese.

It is a very merry time when the cows go to the

pastures in the spring. The whole village to which the herdsmen belong has a holiday, and their friends go with them part of the way up the mountain, shouting and singing.

The Swiss seem never to be idle. In some villages the people spend their winters in making toys or in carving beautiful and useful things out of wood. In other villages and cities nearly every one is engaged in watchmaking.

The Alps do not make the whole of Switzerland. There are many other mountains with green valleys, sparkling with rapid streams and clear lakes. Every little valley has its villages, and all the larger ones have pleasant cities, many of them built on the banks beside the beautiful lakes.

Although Switzerland is a very small country, it contains many people. The Swiss are a strong, brave people who love their mountains and valleys so much that they are never willing to leave their country and will fight and die for their homes. Powerful kings have often tried to conquer them, but they are so brave that no one has ever been able to take away their freedom.

— Mary Howe Smith.

HEIDI AND HER GRANDFATHER

High on the Alps there once lived an old man all alone. His hut stood on a jutting cliff exposed to wind and sun alike and overlooking the beautiful valley below. Back of the hut grew tall pine trees, large and old, with thick, untrimmed branches. Beyond, the mountains rose up to gray, rocky peaks that towered into the sky.

The old man had placed a bench on the side of his hut toward the valley. Here he sat resting one day when suddenly he saw a little girl running toward him.

"Good morning, Grandfather," she said. "I am Heidi, and I have come to stay with you. My aunt has shown me the way up the mountain."

"Well, well, what does this mean?" said the old man. He held out his hand to the little girl, and gave her a long look from under his bushy eyebrows. The child stood before him patiently waiting, with her hands folded behind her back.

"What would you like to do?" asked the grandfather, kindly, after he had recovered from his surprise.

"I should like to go into the hut and see what you have there," answered the little girl.

"Take up your bundle then and come!"

Heidi followed her grandfather into the one room of the little house. There was a bed in the corner, a table, one chair, and a door that opened into a closet.

Heidi looked carefully about the room. Her bright eyes seemed to see everything at a glance.

"Where shall I sleep, Grandfather?" she asked.

"Where you like," was his answer.

This pleased the child. She ran about looking into every nook and corner. Near her grandfather's bed was a ladder which led to the loft. Up climbed Heidi and found herself in a little room half filled with fragrant hay. Through a small, round window she could see for miles across the valley below.

"I shall sleep here," she cried. "Oh, it is beautiful. Come up, Grandfather, and see how beautiful it is." Then she ran busily about and piled the hay in a neat little bed by the window.

"Now, I have my bed made," she called down, "and I need sheets and a cover."

"Well, well," said the old man, who was really pleased with the quick and helpful child. With his arms full of bedclothes he climbed the ladder and helped Heidi make a comfortable bed. The head was piled high with hay, and so placed that one

could look from it straight through the round window.

The little girl looked on with admiration. "How I wish it were night so that I could lie down!" she exclaimed.

"We had better have something to eat first," said her grandfather. "What do you say?"

All at once Heidi felt very hungry, and she answered heartily, "I think so, too."

Soon a bright fire was burning in the open fireplace, and the kettle boiled merrily. The old man put a piece of cheese on a long, iron fork, and held it over the coals until it was a golden yellow on all sides.

Heidi ran to the cupboard where she had seen the bread and the dishes. When her grandfather came with the toasted cheese and the cup of tea, the table was nicely laid with the loaf of bread in the middle.

"You can think what to do without being told," said the old man, "and that is good." Then he filled a bowl with goat's milk for Heidi, and spread her bread thickly with hot cheese. The child grasped the bowl and drank without stopping.

"I never tasted such good milk," she said.

"Then you must have more," and the grandfather

filled the little bowl to the brim. When they had finished their dinner, the old man put everything in order in the hut and in the goat's house. Heidi followed him, observing very closely all that he did.

"She knows what she sees; her eyes are in the right place," said the old man to himself.

As evening came on, the wind began to sigh through the great pine trees. It sounded so beautiful to Heidi that she ran out of the hut and began to skip and dance about. Suddenly a whistle sounded, and down from the mountains came the goats with Peter, the goatherd.

Two beautiful, slender goats, one white and one brown, came running out of the flock. They went to the old man and licked his hands. Heidi stroked them gently.

"Are they ours, Grandfather?" she asked. "Will they go into our shed? Will they always stay with us? May I play with them?"

"Yes, yes, child," answered her grandfather, as he fed them with salt. "Now, Heidi," he added, "get your bowl, and I will fill it with fresh goat's milk. Then you must eat your supper and go to bed. Go and sleep soundly."

Very soon Heidi said good night to her grand-

father and to the goats. She climbed the ladder and was soon fast asleep on her bed of fragrant hay.

During the night the wind howled and roared, and made the little hut tremble. The old man arose, saying to himself, "The child will be afraid."

He went to Heidi's bedside. There she lay fast asleep. She must have been dreaming pleasant dreams, for a look of happiness was on her little face. The grandfather stood for a long time, looking down at the sleeping child. Then he turned and went down the ladder. — JOHANNA SPYRI.

HEIDI CLIMBS THE MOUNTAIN

WHEN Heidi opened her eyes the next morning, the sun was shining in through the little round window of her room. She dressed quickly and went out in front of the hut. There was Peter, with his flock of goats, ready to go up the mountain.

"Would you like to go to the pasture with Peter and the goats?" asked her grandfather.

The child danced with delight. "Then eat your breakfast and be ready. You must be clean, or the sun will laugh at you," said the old man, as he went into the hut to prepare the lunch.

The two children went merrily up the mountain. During the night the wind had blown the last clouds away. The sky was deep blue, and in the center stood the bright sun, sparkling upon the green Alps.

Heidi ran hither and thither and shouted with joy. The mountain path led through great patches of fine, red primroses. Yonder it glistened all blue with the beautiful gentians, and everywhere laughed and nodded the tender-leaved, yellow rockroses.

In her delight over all the glittering, nodding blossoms, Heidi even forgot the goats and Peter, too. Now here and now yonder shone the red and yellow, and enticed the child in every direction.

So Peter had to look on all sides, and his round eyes, that did not move quickly from one thing to another, had more work than they could well manage. The goats also ran here and there, and the boy whistled and called and swung his staff to drive all the runaways together.

"Where are you, Heidi?" he called.

"Here," answered the child, not stirring from her seat among the blossoms.

"Come here," shouted Peter. "We have still a long way to climb. We must go on."

Higher and higher they climbed until they came

to the green grass where the goats usually pasture for the day. Peter threw himself on the ground to rest. The goats pushed their way into the bushes to find the sweet herbs that grew among the rocks.

Heidi sat down on the grass and looked about her. Far below lay the valley in the bright morning sunshine. In front a great, wide field of snow rose up toward the deep blue heavens, and a high tower of rocks seemed to look sternly down upon her.

Far and wide was a great, deep stillness; only the wind passed softly and lightly over the tender bluebells and the yellow, beaming rock-roses. Heidi drank in the golden sunlight, the fresh air, the tender perfume of the flowers, and wished for nothing better than to remain in all this beauty forever.

For a long time she sat gazing at the rocks — so long that the lofty crags seemed to have faces and to be looking down at her like old friends. She heard the great eagle screaming in the air, and saw him flying in wide circles to his nest.

Suddenly, at Peter's whistle, the goats came jumping down the mountain. Heidi sprang up and ran towards them. She saw that the grandfather's goats, Little Swan and Little Bear, as they were called, were the finest in the flock.

"Of course they are," Peter said, "for the grandfather feeds them salt and washes them and has the best shed to keep them in." Peter knew each goat by name and could tell all its curious ways, perhaps because he had so little else to remember.

The white goat was milked for the noonday meal, and the children set out their bread and cheese upon the grass. Away bounded the goats again, climbing the rocky heights. After lunch, Heidi wandered about, picking the beautiful mountain blossoms.

And so the day passed until the sun was beginning to sink down behind the mountains. Suddenly all the grass became golden, and the rocks above began to flash with rosy lights.

"Oh, look, Peter," shouted the child. "All the mountains are burning! Look at the rocks! See the beautiful snow! Everything is on fire."

"It is always so," answered Peter, good-naturedly; "but it is not fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi, as she sprang here and there, for she could not see enough, it was so beautiful on all sides. "Oh, look!" she cried out again. "See the lovely rosy snow! and on the rocks above are ever so many roses. Now they are turning gray; now they are gone."

"It will be just the same to-morrow," said Peter. "Come, we must go home now."

Peter whistled and called the goats together, and they started down the mountain. Heidi was silent until she reached the hut and saw her grandfather sitting under the fir tree.

"Oh, Grandfather, the mountains are beautiful," she called out, even before she had reached him. "I saw the fire and the roses on the cliffs, and the blue and yellow flowers." Then she asked about the fire which she had seen at sunset.

"It is the sunshine," the grandfather explained. "When the sun says good night to the mountains, he throws his most beautiful beams across them so that they may not forget that he is coming back in the morning."

This pleased the little girl, and she could hardly wait for the morrow to come so that she could go to the pasture again, and see the sun bid good night to the mountains. But first she must go to sleep; and she slept soundly the whole night long on her bed of hay, dreaming of bright, shining mountains, in the midst of which the goats merrily ran and jumped.

—Johanna Spyri.

BRUNO

Bruno was a fine large dog that belonged to a hunter who lived in a cottage among the Alps.

The upper portions of these mountains are very rocky and wild, and the paths are steep and dangerous. On the lower slopes are woods and green pastures, and in the valleys far below are beautiful little villages. In summer the mountains are delightful; but in winter the roads and paths are buried in snow, and travelers are often overtaken by storms and perish in the bitter cold.

One winter night when the hunter reached his home, he found that his youngest child was very ill. There was no medicine in the house, and the nearest doctor lived in the village at the foot of the mountain. The child must have help without delay.

The hunter called his dog, Bruno, and together they started down the mountain. The snow was falling fast, but they reached the village in safety. When the medicine was ready, the hunter and his dog went out again into the storm. The night was dark, and the snow had drifted over the road, so that it was very hard to find the way.

But with the help of his faithful dog the weary

man struggled on until he was almost home. Then his strength began to fail, and he sank down into the snow. Bruno barked and rubbed his master's cheek, trying to make him rise and go forward.

"Yes, Bruno," said his master. "I will try

once more." And he waded through the soft snow until he was within a few steps of his cottage door. The drifts grew deeper, and the hunter thought that he had lost his way.

"Bruno," he said, "I must lie down here and rest a little before I can go any farther."

Bruno knew that they were nearly home, and he was greatly distressed. He jumped about and barked, and tried in every way he knew to urge his master to go on, but without success.

It is very dangerous to lie down to sleep in the cold and storm. People that do so seldom wake again. They think that they only wish to rest a few moments, and then they will be ready to proceed on their journey. But it is the cold which causes the great desire to rest and sleep.

When Bruno found that he could not rouse his master, he turned his head toward the house and barked long and loud. The hunter's wife heard the barking and knew the voice of the dog.

"My husband needs help," she cried; and she ran out of the cottage. Guided by the barking of the faithful animal, she soon found her way to the man that lay in the snow.

After much effort she roused him from his sleep, and by her help he reached his home, with the medicine for his sick child safe in his pocket.

And thus it was that the hunter's dog, Bruno, saved the life, not only of his master, but also of the little babe that lay in the cradle.

—Jacob Abbott.

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES

Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun. Now Bergètta was a cat of an inquiring mind, and her desire to know what was going on often led her into trouble.

This morning she was having a delightful nap in the spring sunshine. Now and then she opened her sleepy eyes. Before her lay the bright blue ocean with white sails here and there.

Presently a sound broke the stillness. Bergetta heard it, raised her ears, and listened intently. A man bearing a large basket was approaching the house from the beach. He went with it round to the back entrance of the house. What could be in the basket?

The cat arose, stretched herself, and went noiselessly into the kitchen. The basket stood in the middle of the floor and three other cats were looking on from a safe distance. Bergetta went slowly toward it to investigate its contents. She soon became aware that there were curious noises inside the basket. Suddenly two long, slender feelers waved in the air. Two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket, and by their help a hideous dark body came

slowly into view. The ugly monster raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise on the floor. It was a living lobster.

For a long time all was still. Bergetta sat watching the strange, black animal in its horny armor. As it did not move she forgot her fear, and crept nearer and nearer. At last she put out her paws and touched its hard shell. It did not notice her. She tried another little pat, and the lobster waved its long feelers in the air.

That was charming. Bergetta was delighted. The monster was really playful. She tapped him again with her soft paw, and then boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. At this, the lobster opened and shut the clumsy teeth of his great claws in a way that was quite dreadful to behold.

The cat watched it in wonder, and then pushed her white paw between the open teeth. Instantly the two sides of the strong claw snapped together and the poor cat cried out in pain.

In vain Bergetta tried to get away. Crying with fear and distress, she danced about the room, and everywhere she went the lobster was sure to go. Up and down, over and across, they went, in the wildest kind of a jig, while all the other cats fled into the

remotest corners of the room and watched the strange performance.

Such a commotion! Bergetta crying, and the lobster clattering over the floor! At last some one heard the noise, and, coming to the rescue, thrust a stick-

between the rough teeth of the lobster's claw and set poor Bergetta at liberty.

For days the cat went limping about so lame that she could hardly creep around the house. When at last she began to feel a little better she strayed again into the kitchen. Seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk upon the table, up she jumped to investigate.

Naughty Bergetta! Yes, the pan was full of milk not yet skimmed. She did not wait to ask, but

straightway thrust her pink nose into the smooth, creamy surface.

Now it was washing day, and just under the edge of the table was a tub full of warm suds. After the first taste of cream, Bergetta lifted her head, and what did she see?

Oh, horror! on the table just before her was a great lobster. Bright scarlet, with its long feelers pointing toward her, it burst upon her sight. It had been boiled, and of course could do her no harm, but Bergetta did not know this.

So eager had she been to look into the milk pan that she had seen nothing else. Now, in great fright, she gave one leap backward and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

With eyes, ears, nose, and mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled from the tub and ran out of the door, leaving a long stream of suds behind her.

Poor Bergetta! All the other cats came round her and stared at her with astonishment. The wind blew through her soaked fur, and she suffered with the cold. But her bitter experiences taught her a lesson, for never again did she play with a lobster, or try to steal milk from a pan.

—Celia Thaxter.

THE MORNING

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

—Emily Dickinson.

THE BETTER LAND

"I hear thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand —
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair, —
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

— Felicia D. Hemans.

A STORY OF OLD EGYPT

THERE once lived in the Land of the Nile a nation of bondmen.

These people had not always been slaves. They said that the great ancestor from whom they were all descended had been a famous man in his day, and had won for himself the title of the Prince. They liked to tell of the time when one of the Prince's sons had been the Master of the Land of the Nile, and second only to the King; and they delighted to relate how all the people bowed the knee before him, and made his word their law.

But now four hundred years had passed since that glorious time, and many sad changes had come to the Children of the Prince. Their lands had been taken from them, they had been robbed of their flocks and herds, and cruel laws had been made in order to afflict them. Yet they had seemed to prosper, and their numbers had grown until there were tens of thousands of them in the land of Egypt. At last there came to the throne a King whose heart was filled with hatred toward them.

"What shall we do with the folk who call them-

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

selves the Children of the Prince?" he said. "If we let them alone, they will soon outnumber us, and will make themselves our masters."

And so laws were passed which made the Children of the Prince a nation of slaves; the King sent their young men into the cities and towns to work under taskmasters, and build walls and forts and palaces of brick and stone. It was also ordered that every boy baby that was born to any of these people should be put to death.

One day, not long after this, it happened that the King's daughter went out with her maidens to bathe in the river. As she was walking along the bank, she saw something floating among the reeds in the shallow water of the stream, and she sent one of her maidens to get it. When it was brought to her, it proved to be a light basket made of rushes woven together, and daubed with pitch so as to make it water-tight and strong.

The King's daughter looked into the basket; and there she saw a pretty babe, lying on a little cushion of leaves. When the child saw the Princess, he held out his hands toward her and cried; and her kind heart was filled with pity.

"He must belong to one of the slaves who call

themselves Children of the Prince," she said. "How sad that so pretty a babe should perish!"

While the King's daughter and her maidens were trying to make the child cease his weeping, a little girl came timidly forward and listened to them.

"How I should like to keep him for my own!" said the Princess, as she took him from the basket and held him lovingly in her arms.

Then the little girl took courage and spoke.

"Shall I go and find a woman to nurse the child for you?" she asked.

"Yes, go," said the lady.

Now the little girl was none other than the sister of the babe. Ever since the basket had been set afloat among the reeds, she had been standing by the river, watching and hoping that this very thing would happen; for, if the Princess would take pity on the child, his life might be saved.

She ran as fast as she could, and told her mother all that the King's daughter had said. Then her mother hastened with glad heart to the riverside, where the King's daughter and her maidens were still fondling the babe.

"Here is a woman who will nurse the child for you," said the little girl.

"Come, then," said the Princess to the child's mother, "come into my home and take care of this babe for me, and I will pay you well."

And so the babe was taken into the King's palace, and brought up by his own mother. He was called the son of the King's daughter; and she gave him the name of Moses, which meant that he had been drawn out of the water. —James Baldwin.

From "Old Stories of the East."

HUGH JOHN SMITH BECOMES A SOLDIER

It was on the day before a great review of soldiers at the nearest town that Hugh John Smith first became a soldier and a general. His father's house was connected by a short driveway with a great main road along which king and beggar had for more than a thousand years gone to and from the town.

Hugh John loved the wide road, and every day he ran down the driveway and looked through the bars of the gate to see who was passing. It was a large white gate of strong wood, lovely to swing on, if by chance it was left unfastened. It would shut of itself and you had only to push it open, jump on,

and ride all the way back, while the gate swung into place.

On the great day when Hugh John became a soldier he had been digging all the morning in the sand hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride, and he was taking a fort protected by high walls of sand. He shouted "Boom!" when he fired off his cannon, and "Bang, whack!" when he knocked down the walls that he had so carefully patted into shape.

Suddenly there came a sound which always made the heart of Hugh John beat fast. It was the sound of the drum. He had only time to make a dash for his soldier's cap, gird on his London sword with the gold hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the driveway, the sound of the fifes grew louder and louder. It was at this point that Hugh John had a great struggle with himself. His brother and sister were playing under an elm tree on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss the soldiers. But then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he reached the gate.

"I must see the soldiers. I must — I must!" he cried.

But in his heart a little voice kept saying, "It is

mean to go off without telling your brother and sister."

"I can't be mean! I won't be mean!" thought Hugh John. And so he ran back with all his might, and with a warning cry called the younger children to follow. Then with legs that passed each other so quickly that they could hardly be seen, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the white gate.

The gate was open, and with a wild cry Hugh John sprang through and stood on the roadside just as the troops came into view.

The first who passed were soldiers in a dark uniform. No one cast a glance at Hugh John. He stood with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company went by. Then came red coats and brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not, indeed, expect any one to notice him. He was only a small dusty boy with a sword too big for him, standing under the shadow of the elms. But he saluted every one of them as they swung past, dust-choked and thirsty.

At last came the Scottish bagpipes. Hugh John crossed the road and then he was nearer to the soldiers. Swinging step, waving plumes, all in review

order came on the famous regiment. They passed by, and the sound of the pipes soon grew faint in the distance.

Then came more companies of soldiers and more and more. And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. It was the greatest event in Hugh John's life. There came to his ear a new sound, the clatter of horses' hoofs. A bugle rang out, and Hugh John's eyes watched the noble gray horses come tramping along as if proud of their riders. He stood more erect than ever.

On they came, a fine young officer at their head. He sat erect on a noble horse, leading one of the finest troops of horsemen in the world. He saw the small dusty boy in his red coat standing by the roadside, and he marked his pale face and his erect bearing.

Hugh John had seen soldiers before, but never any so fine as these. He could hardly lift his sword, but his hand was steady and he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute with order and precision.

The young officer smiled and raised his own sword

in response, as if Hugh John had been one of his own troopers. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him.

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The officer turned in his saddle.

"Attention, men. Draw swords!" he cried, and his voice rang like a trumpet.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed

into line. The horses tossed their heads at the stirring sound. "Eyes right! Carry swords!" came again the sharp command. And every blade made a circle of glittering light as it rose to the salute.

Tears welled up in Hugh John's eyes as he stood there in the pride of the honor done to him. He had been treated as a real soldier by the greatest soldier there. He was no longer a little dusty boy. Now he was a soldier indeed.

"Eyes front! Slope swords!" rang the words once more. The regiment passed by, and only the far drum beats came back as Hugh John stood silent under the elm tree. When his father rode up on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there.

Hugh John wanted to laugh, but the tears ran down his cheeks. "I'm not hurt, father," he said, "I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. But I'm not crying, I'm not indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered the great soldier up and set him across his saddle. He was alone, for the other children had gone to their play. And thus rode our hero home — Hugh John Smith no more, General Napoleon he called himself now.

Late that night Hugh John stole down the hushed driveway, his bare feet pattering through the dust

which the dew was making cool. He stood again by the roadside where he had seen the troops march by. Then clasping his hands he made a solemn vow.

"The Scots Greys saluted me. Never, never, so long as I live, will I be mean again!"

From "Sir Toady Lion." —S. R. Crockett.

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

Down from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet, cool and sweet!"
"I come from yon mountain, high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat."

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet, cool and sweet!"
"I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm, a crow
His coal-black wings is sunning.
A close, green bud the Mayflower lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the south wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
The yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging.
And rosy will the Mayflower be
Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all—
"Come, Pussy!" is the South Wind's call,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close, brown wrapper stir,
Come out and show your silver fur,
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

— Selected.

THE THREE MINSTRELS

Once in the olden time a king called his heralds together to hear his bidding. And all the swift runners gathered before the king, each with a trumpet in his hand. And the king sent them forth into every part of the kingdom to sound their trumpets and to call aloud: —

"Hear, O ye minstrels! Our gracious king bids ye come to his court and play before the queen."

The minstrels were men who went about from castle to castle and from palace to cot, singing beautiful songs and playing on harps. Wherever they roamed they were always sure of a welcome.

They sang of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They sang of the mighty hunters that hunted in the great forests. They sang of fairies and goblins, of giants and elves. And because there were no storybooks in those days, everybody, from little children to the king, was glad to see them come.

When the minstrels heard the king's message, they made haste to the palace; and it so happened that three of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white, and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel. But Harmonius whispered, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the tree tops," said the others. "We have not time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard the wind singing of its travels through the wide world. It was telling how it raced over the blue

sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships. It sang of the hill where the trees made harps of their branches, and of the valleys where all the flowers danced gayly to its music. And this was the chorus of the song: —

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valley below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow, —
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song. Then he ran on, and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

"We shall behold the king, and we shall speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And we shall see his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest.

Now their path led them through the wood, and as they talked, Harmonius said, "Hush! listen!"

But the others answered: "Oh! that is only the sound of the brook, trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls, on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near, —
For God in Heaven can always hear."

Thus sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and the queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird," the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees; and in every tree there was a nest, and in every nest there were eggs.

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me
Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
Nothing fear I, by land or sea, —
For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades.

When they had come into the palace, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came into the throne room.

The king and queen sat on their thrones side by side. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home in a far-off country, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them.

The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, and the soldiers of the king shouted with joy. The youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, and all the ladies of the court clapped their hands.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius's song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from fairy-

land with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered: —

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now all the minstrels looked up in surprise when they heard these words from Harmonius; and the oldest minstrel said to the king: "Harmonius is surely mad! We met no singers on our way to-day."

But the queen said: "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child, and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?

—Maude Lindsay.

THE BOY MUSICIAN

There was a time, long ago, when people believed that fairies hovered over a sleeping babe, and gave to the little one the charm of beauty, or the joy of strength, or the power of genius.

If this were true, then fairies must have visited the cradle of little Wolfgang Mozart. We might easily believe that one of them said, "I will give thee a loving heart;" and that another whispered, "Thou shalt delight in sweet sounds; music shall be thy language."

THE BOY MUSICIAN.

The little Mozart lived in Germany more than a hundred years ago. His father was a musician, and his sister, Anna, had already made rapid progress in music. At all of her lessons the baby brother was an interested listener, and he often amused himself in trying to repeat the exercises he had heard. Before he was four years old he began to compose music. His little pieces were written for him by his father, in a book which was kept for that purpose.

One Sunday the father came home from church and found Wolfgang at a table busy over a piece of paper. His fat little fist grasped the pen with much firmness, and at every visit to the ink bottle he plunged it to the very bottom. The paper was very badly blotted with ink, but the baby composer calmly wiped away the blots with his finger and wrote over them.

"What are you doing there?" asked his father.

"Writing a piece of music for the piano," replied Wolfgang.

"Let me see it."

"No, no, it is not ready."

The father took up the paper, and laughed at the big blots and the notes which were scarcely readable. But upon looking over the work more carefully he

saw that it was written according to rule, and that it was a wonderful composition for so young a child.

Herr Mozart now devoted all his time to the education of his two children. They progressed so rapidly that they were a marvel to their native town. When Anna was ten years old and Wolfgang six, they were taken by their father and mother to Vienna, and there the Emperor listened to their music. The courtiers and the royal family praised the gifted children and filled their hands with costly presents.

Soon after their return home, a noted violinist called to ask Herr Mozart's opinion of some new music. As they were about to practice the different parts, little Wolfgang begged to play second violin.

"You cannot join our rehearsal," said his father. "You have had no instruction on the violin."

"I do not need any lessons to play second violin," the boy persisted.

"Run away and do not disturb us," was the father's reply, and the little boy walked out of the room, crying bitterly. The visitor begged that the child be permitted to play with him, and Wolfgang was called back.

"Play then," said the father; "but play very softly."

The child was comforted. He brushed away his tears and began playing, softly at first, as he had been commanded; then he forgot everything but the notes before him, and the music swelled higher and higher. All were amazed, and tears of gladness stood in the father's eyes.

Another concert tour was planned, and Wolfgang and his sister traveled with their parents from city to city, giving concerts at the courts of kings. Great crowds went to hear them, and everywhere they were greeted with enthusiasm and delight.

When Wolfgang was eleven years old, he went to Italy to study music. The fair, slender lad was looked upon as a marvel by the Italian musicians.

The father and son reached Rome at the time of the great Easter festival. A beautiful piece of music had been set apart as sacred to this yearly service. For two hundred years it had been carefully guarded, and all musicians were forbidden to copy it.

Wolfgang listened intently; and when he came again the next day to the church, he brought with him a folded paper on which he had written from memory the whole of the sacred music.

"Truly such wonderful gifts come from Heaven!" said the priests, in awe and admiration.

Mozart remained for nearly two years in Italy, studying with the finest musicians and hearing the best music. After his return to his native land, he continued his musical studies and gave his whole life to his art.

It seems almost impossible that the boy, who in his early years received such honors, should in his manhood meet poverty and neglect. Such was Mozart's sad fortune, but in spite of his discouragements he struggled on, and became one of the greatest of musical composers. He has given to the world a wealth of beauty that has made his name immortal.

— Bertha Leary Saunders.

BEN FRANKLIN AND THE WHARF

In the year 1716, or about that time, a boy used to be seen on the streets of Boston who was known among his companions as Ben Franklin.

Ben was now about ten years old. He was a bright boy at his books and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. There was something about the lad that always seemed to give him the lead among his companions.

I might tell you many amusing stories about him. No doubt you have read the famous story of Ben and his whistle, and how he gave a whole pocketful of pennies for one. Afterward he found that he had paid too much for his whistle, and was very sorry for his bargain.

But Ben had grown to be a large boy since those days, and had become much wiser. His mistakes always taught him some valuable lesson.

Ben was now at work in his father's shop, and busy as his life was, he still found time for out-of-door sports. Ben and his companions were very fond of fishing, and they spent many hours on the margin of a pond near the outskirts of the town.

The place where they fished was a marshy spot where sea gulls flitted overhead and salt meadow grass grew under foot. On the edge of the water there was a bed of wet clay in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would

have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to endure a hardship without trying to find a remedy for it.

"Boys," said Ben, as he and his comrades were walking home, "I have thought of a plan which will be for our benefit, and for the public benefit."

His companions were always ready to listen to anything Ben might propose. They remembered how he had sailed across the mill pond by holding on to his kite string as he lay flat on his back in the water. A boy who could do that might do almost anything.

"What is your plan, Ben? What is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to the spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered about were a great many large stones which were to be used in the building. Ben mounted the highest of these stones so that he might be heard by all.

"I propose, boys," said Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf to aid us in our fishing. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the foundation of a house, but that will be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to carry these

stones to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them.

"The stones will then be of great help to us and also to the boats passing up and down the stream. You see the wharf will be of use to many people.

The house will benefit only one man. What do you say, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted all the boys. "Let's set about it at once."

Not one of them asked, "Is it right to build a wharf with stones that belong to another person?"

They all agreed to be on the spot that evening and commence their work by moonlight. At the time set, the whole gang of young laborers met and began to remove the heap of stones.

The stones proved heavy and the work harder than they expected. Ben, of course, was the leader, and the boys cheerfully followed his directions. He showed them how to carry the stones, and when they grew tired he had some joke ready which set them all into a roar of laughter.

After an hour or two of hard work the stones were carried to the water side, and it was Ben Franklin who planned the building of the wharf. Finally, just as the moon sunk below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

II

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, the

masons came to begin work on the new house. But where were their stones? What had become of them?

"The stones must have flown away through the air while we were asleep," said one of the men.

"More likely they were stolen," said another workman.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason said nothing at first. But looking carefully on the ground, he noticed tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. He soon saw that the tracks formed a beaten path toward the water's edge.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys, have stolen our stones to build a wharf with."

The masons went to look at the new wharf. And, to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly had it been planned and finished.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their business," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself!"

But the master mason did not enjoy the joke.

"The boys must be arrested," he said. "Go, call an officer."

If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. The gentleman had great respect for Ben's father, and he was fond of boys. And so he let them off quite easily.

But the poor boys had to go through another trial, for their fathers soon learned what they had done. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was well worn on that unlucky night. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapproval.

"Come here, Ben," said his father. "How could you take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head, "if it had been merely for my own benefit I never should have dreamed of it. I thought the wharf would be of use to others, while a house would be of use only to the owner of the stones."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, "you did very wrong to build a wharf with stones that did not belong to you. There is no more terrible mistake than to think that good will come from a wrong act. Remember, my son, that evil can bring about

only evil; good can come only through right doing."

"I will never forget it again," said the lad, bowing his head. And to the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father.

— Nathaniel Hawthorne.

OUR BANNER

Flag of our country, far afloat,
Over the land and the sea!
The steadfast light on Glory's height,
The banner of the free!

Purity speaks from your folds of white,
Truth from your sky of blue,
Courage shines forth in the crimson stripes,
And leads to victories new.

Fadeless, like stars in the arching skies,
In glory your stars shine on,
And promise the peace that ne'er shall cease,
In the land by valor won.

— Marie Zetterberg.

THE FOX IN THE WELL

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.
Over the wheel a well chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung.
At one drawn up beside the brink,
The Fox had paused, no doubt, to drink;
And, putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket; and the bucket slipped,
When, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.

His cousin Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished, at the top,
Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight, —
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had caught him!

"What do you there?" his cousin cried.
"Dear cousin Wolf," the Fox replied,

"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d'ye think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You've seen it, but you did not know
It was a treasure. Now, behold!
I have my bucket filled with gold
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!"

The Wolf made answer, with a grin,
"Dear me! I thought you tumbled in!
What then is all this noise about?"
"Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the Fox replied.
"First help me, then we will divide."

"How?" "Get into the bucket there."
The Wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think; —
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning Fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

"That's right! Ha, ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!"
Wolf struck the water with a yelp;

The Fox leaped out; "Dear Wolf," said he,
"You've been so very kind to me,
I'll leave the treasure all to you; —
I hope 'twill do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer!" Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the Wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate; —
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!

— J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE SIMPLETON

A CERTAIN man had two sons. The elder passed for a very clever youth; the younger, called Dumling, though the favorite of his mother, was thought to be only half-witted. In fact, his father and brother were in the habit of calling him "the fool of the family."

When Dumling had grown to be fifteen years old his father became tired of supporting the "simpleton"; so he gave the lad twenty German shillings, and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

With a light heart young Dumling trudged forth, jingling the coins in his pouch, and meditating how

he should spend so much money. Before long he met a fisherman carrying a basket on his back. "Ho, master, and what have we here?" said Dumling.

"Nothing that you can buy," said the fisherman, gruffly. But when he heard the money clinking he declared that in his basket he had the most wonderful turbot in the world.

"Mr. Fisherman," said Dumling, when he had peeped in at the beautiful fish, "will you sell your fish for twenty shillings?"

"For want of a better price, yes," replied the fisherman; and the lad eagerly counted out his twenty shillings and took the turbot.

Journeying on, Dumling caught sight of a fine palace, and stopped a countryman to ask who lived there. "The king," answered the man, "and a courteous and liberal king he is."

"Is he, indeed?" thought Dumling; "I will take him my fish and see what he will give me for it."

Without delay he made his way to the gate of the palace and knocked. The gate was opened by a fat porter, who asked him what his business was. "My business is with your master," said Dumling, who knew little of the ways of great men's houses. "I bring a present for the king."

"Ah, indeed!" answered the porter, still delaying to open the door. "Don't you know that it is the custom of this court that I should see a present before it goes to my lord the king?"

So Dumling opened his basket. Now, when the porter saw the beautiful fish, his eyes glistened, and he declared that by the custom of the court half must be his before the bearer could go farther.

"Pray let me pass," said Dumling; "and whatever the bounty of the king bestows on me, you shall have half."

On this promise the porter opened the door, and permitted him to enter the hall. But here he was stopped by the chamberlain, who, when he had looked into the basket, said that half was due to him before the gift could be brought before the king, for such was the custom of the court.

"Fair sir, I quarrel not with your customs," said Dumling; "and, though I have already promised half my reward to the porter, I will give you the share which is left, if you will only bring me into the king's presence."

Then the chamberlain led him in, and the lad laid his present before the king. "By my crown," said the king, "it is a fair gift. I accept it gladly. And

now what reward shall I give you for your trouble? Ask boldly and wisely, and you shall not have to complain."

The porter and the chamberlain now went up to Dumling, and whispered to him to ask for a bag of gold, or a rich office at court, for their lord would not say him nay.

"I will ask none of these things," said the youth aloud; and bending before the king he thus spoke: "Your majesty, I ask no reward but a sound beating."

The king was astonished at hearing this strange request. But when he saw that Dumling would not change his mind, he ordered him to be tied up, and a hundred lashes to be well laid on.

"But hold!" quoth Dumling, as the scourger was baring his brawny arm; "I have partners in this business. I gave away one half of this my reward to the porter, and the other half I promised to the chamberlain, before they would allow me to bring my gift to the king. It is only right that they should receive what I have promised them."

"And thou shalt keep faith with them as I with thee," vowed the king, when he learned how his servants dealt with strangers.

So the porter and the chamberlain were tied up in

Dumling's place, and each received his share of the recompense, fairly counted out. The spectators, who well knew the greed and insolence of these officials, laughed heartily at the justice of the reward.

As for Dumling, the king was so much pleased with the lad's cleverness that he took him into his own service. Thus "the fool of the family" made his fortune: thenceforward no one thought of calling him a simpleton, and all the world spoke nothing but good of him.

—Grimm.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

— Felicia D. Hemans.

SIR BEVIS AND HIS FRIENDS

I

One morning as little Sir Bevis was digging in the garden he saw a daisy, and, throwing aside his spade, he sat down on the grass to pick the flower to pieces. He pulled off the pink-tipped petals, one by one, and as they dropped they were lost. Next he gathered a bright dandelion, and squeezed the white juice from its hollow stem. Lying at full length he drummed the earth with his toes, while the tall grass blades tickled his cheeks.

Presently, rolling on his back, he drummed again with his heels. He looked up at the blue sky, but only for a moment, because the glare of light was too strong in his eyes. After a minute he turned

on his side, thrust out one arm, placed his head on it, and drew up one knee, as if going to sleep. His little brown wrist bent down the grass, and his still browner fingers played with the blades, and every now and then tore one off.

A flutter of wings sounded among the blossoms on an apple tree close by, and instantly Bevis sat up, knowing it must be a goldfinch thinking of building a nest in the branches. If the trunk of the tree had not been so big, he would have tried to climb it at once. But he knew he could not do it, nor could he see the bird for the leaves and the blossoms. A puff of wind came and showered the petals down upon him. They fell like snowflakes on his face, and dotted the grass.

Buzz! A great bumblebee, with a band of red gold across his back, flew up and hovered near, wavering to and fro in the air as he paused to look at a flower.

Buzz! Bevis listened and knew very well what the bee was saying. It was: "This is a sweet little garden; a very pleasant garden; all grass and daisies and apple trees and narrow patches, with flowers and fruit trees on one side and a wall and currant bushes on the other side. There is a round

summer-house in the corner painted as blue inside as a sparrow's egg is outside. There are stone steps leading down to a meadow where the cows are feeding, and where the buttercups are standing as tall as your waist, sir. The gate in the iron railings is not fastened, and besides, there is a gap in the hedge, and it is easy to drop down the wall. You were told to stay in the garden, but that's all nonsense. You know very well you could not come to any harm in the meadow. *I* am going outside the garden. Good-by, Bevis!"

Buzz! And the great bumblebee flew slowly between the iron railings, out among the buttercups, and away up the field.

Bevis went to the railings and stood on the lowest bar; then he opened the gate a little way, but it squeaked so loud upon its rusty hinges that he let it shut again. He walked around the garden along beside the hedge to the patch by the lilac trees.

Near by were the gooseberry bushes. The berries were no bigger than beads, but he tasted two of them. Just then a thrush began to sing on an ash tree in the edge of the meadow.

"Bevis! Bevis!" said the thrush, and he turned round to listen: "My dearest Bevis, have you for-

gotten the meadow and buttercups and the sorrel? You know the sorrel, don't you, that tastes so pleasant if you nibble the leaf? I have a nest in the bushes, not very far up the hedge. There are only two eggs in it. But don't tell the other boys about it, or we shall not have one left.

"That is a very sweet garden where you are, but it is very small. I like all these fields to fly about in, and the swallows fly ever so much farther than I can. They fly so far away and so high that I can not tell you how they find their way home to the chimney. But they will tell you, if you ask them. Good morning! I am going over the brook."

II

Bevis went to the iron railings again and climbed up two bars and looked over. But, since he could not yet make up his mind to leave the garden, he went inside the summer-house, which had one small window. As he looked out of the window a white butterfly came along the meadow, and instantly Bevis ran out, flung open the gate, rushed down the steps, and raced after the butterfly. He took no heed of the squeak the gate made as it shut behind him.

The tall buttercups brushed his knees, and bent on

either side as if a wind were rushing through them. His toes only touched the ground, and from so light a pressure the grass rose up, leaving no more mark of his passage than if a grasshopper had gone by.

Fanning itself daintily with its wings, the butterfly went lazily on before Bevis. Not yet knowing that it was being chased by the boy, it sauntered along just above the buttercups. Presently the airy insect alighted on a glossy green leaf which looked soft and satinlike. Then it saw Bevis coming, his hat in one hand and the other stretched eagerly out.

The butterfly wheeled itself around on the leaf, shut up its fluttering wings, and seemed very innocent indeed. But when Bevis fell on his knees, sure of his prey, he found under his finger nothing but the leaf. His cheeks flushed, his eyes lit up, and away he darted again after the butterfly, which had got several yards ahead of him. He ran now faster than ever.

"Race on," said the buttercups. "Race on, Bevis; that butterfly scorns us because there are so many of us and we are all alike."

"Never mind me," said the clover. "You may step on me if you like."

"But just look at me for a moment, as you go by," cried a coarse purple weed by the hedge.

A colt in the field, seeing Bevis running so fast, thought he, too, must join the fun, so he whisked his tail and galloped away. His mother whinnied and galloped, too, and the ground shook under her heavy hoofs. The cows lifted their heads from the grass, and wondered why any one could be so foolish as to rush about when there was plenty to eat and no hurry.

The deceitful butterfly, as soon as Bevis came near, turned aside and went along a furrow. Bevis, running in the furrow, caught his foot, fell down, and

pricked his hand with a thistle. Up he jumped again, red as a peony, and shouting at the top of his voice, ran on so quickly that he nearly overtook the butterfly. But they were now nearer the other hedge. The butterfly, frightened at the shouting, rose over the brambles, and Bevis, stopping short, flung his hat at it. The hat did not hit the butterfly, but it so startled it that it flew up half as high as the elms, and went into the next field.

When Bevis looked up, there was his hat, hanging on a branch of an ash tree far beyond his reach. He could not touch the lowest leaf, jump as much as he would. His next thought was to throw a stone, but there were no stones in the meadow. Then he put his hand in his jacket pocket for his knife to cut a long stick. It was not in that pocket nor in the one on the other side. Now the knife was Bevis's greatest treasure — his very greatest. He looked all around, and the tears rose in his eyes.

Just then Pan, the spaniel, ran out of the hedge with such joyful force that the boy was almost overthrown, and burst into a fit of laughter. The dog ran back into the hedge to hunt, and Bevis, with tears rolling down his cheeks into the dimples made

by his smiles, dropped on his hands and knees, and crept in after the dog under the briers.

On the ground lay a dead gray stick, a branch that had fallen from the elms. It was heavy, but Bevis lifted it up, pushed it through the boughs, and thrust his hat off the tree. Creeping out again, he put on his hat, and remembering his knife walked out into the field to search for it.

When Pan missed Bevis he followed, and presently catching scent of a rabbit the spaniel rushed down a furrow, which happened to be the very furrow where Bevis had tumbled. Going after the dog, Bevis found his knife in the grass where it had dropped when shaken from his pocket by his fall.

III

Near by was a large mossy root under a great oak, and Bevis sat down upon it to rest. Along came a house-martin, the kind of swallow that has a white band across his back, flying very low, and only just above the grass. The swallow flew to and fro, not far from Bevis, who asked the bird to come closer. But the swallow said: —

"I shall not come any nearer, Bevis. Don't you remember what you did last year, sir? Don't you

remember that another boy put a ladder against the wall and you climbed up the ladder and put your hand, all brown and dirty, into my nest and took my eggs? And you made us very unhappy, and my mate said we would never come back any more to your house, Bevis."

"But you have come back, swallow."

"Yes, we have come back — just once more; but if you do it again we shall go away forever."

"But I will not do it again. Do come near." So the swallow came a little nearer, and flew back and forth, and Bevis could hear the snap of his beak as he caught the flies.

"Just a little bit nearer still," said he; "let me stroke your lovely white back."

"Oh, no, I can not do that. I don't think you are quite safe, Bevis. Why don't you gather the cowslips?"

Bevis looked up and saw that the field was yellow with cowslips.

"I will pick every one," said he, "and carry them all back to my sister, for she loves cowslips, too."

"You can not do that," said the swallow, "you will not try long enough."

Then Bevis began to gather the cowslips, and kept

on till both hands were full. There was a rustle in the hedge, and looking up he saw his dog come out, all brown with sand. Pan shook himself, and sent the sand flying from his coat in a cloud, just as he did with the water when he came out of the pond. He looked at Bevis, wagged his tail, cried "Yowp!" and ran back into the hedge again.

Bevis rushed to the spot, and saw a large hole in the ground. Pan had worked his way so far into this hole that there was nothing of him visible but his hind legs and tail. Bevis could hear him panting, and tearing with his teeth at the roots to make the hole bigger. Dropping his cowslips, Bevis clapped his hands and urged the dog on.

The sand came flying out behind Pan, and he worked harder and harder, as if he would tear the mound to pieces. Bevis sat down on the grass in the shadow of the oak by a maple bush, and taking a cowslip began to count the spots inside of it. It was always five — five little brown spots in every cowslip. He was sure of that because he knew he had five fingers on each hand.

He lay down full length on his back and looked up at the sky through the boughs of the oak. The sky was very, very blue, and very near to him. With a long ladder, he thought he could have got up there easily.

"Dear sky," said Bevis, "I love you because you are so beautiful!"

Then turning a little on one side to watch Pan, who was still working hard to get the rabbit, in an instant he fell fast asleep.

Pan put his head out of the hole to breathe, and seeing that Bevis was asleep went back to work again. Two butterflies came fluttering along together. The swallow returned, and flew low down along the grass near Bevis. The wind came now and then, and shook a shower of white and pink petals from a crab apple tree in the hedge. By and

by a squirrel, climbing from tree to tree, reached the oak, and stopped a moment to look at Bevis in the shade beneath. He knew exactly how Bevis felt — just as he did himself when he went to sleep.

From "Wood Magic." — RICHARD JEFFERIES.

WORK

SWEET wind, fair wind, where have you been?
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"

Honeybee, honeybee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose, —
A secret worth the knowing!"

—Mary N. Prescott.

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo flowers;
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

— Alfred Tennyson.

THE BOOK OF NATURE

Let us suppose that it is summer time and that you are in the country. A day has been fixed upon for a holiday ramble. Soon after sunrise you are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear and the sun shining warmly. But the brightness of the morning begins to grow dim.

The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large and seem gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, the first big drops are seen falling. You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over. But the big drops come down thicker and faster; little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the road, and the window panes are now streaming with rain.

With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day. You are very much disappointed that the storm has spoiled your promised pleasure. But let us see if we cannot derive something of interest and value even from the bad weather.

Late in the afternoon the sky clears and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are coursing along the sloping roadway. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every bush is dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge and see the river right beneath us.

What a change the one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now! The water fills the channel from

bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. Leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree trunk, comes rolling and tossing about on the flood.

We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this rush of water and the objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river.

As we walk homewards again it will be well to think about some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it. Sometimes the clouds come across the sky, and when they gather thickly rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river is swollen by heavy rain, and when swollen it becomes muddy.

In this way we have learned that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning the clouds gathered overhead, and before evening rain fell from these clouds, flooding the river and sweeping down trees and fences.

Now if you think about it, you will recall many other ways in which the common things of life are

connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as air, water, sunshine, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow. They have grown so commonplace that you seldom think about them. They seem indeed so natural that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them. But, if you had lived all your life in a country where no rain ever falls, and if you were to see a storm of rain, would it not seem very strange to you? Would you not, naturally enough, ask the meaning of it?

Or, suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit a northern country in winter and see for the first time snow fall. Would he not be greatly astonished? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard and the air so cold, and why the streams are covered with ice, could you answer his questions? And yet these questions are about very common, everyday things. If you think earnestly about them, you may find, perhaps, that the answers are not always easily found.

Do not suppose that because a thing is common it can be of no interest to you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve close attention. It will

reward you for all your pains. But in what way can we learn more about the common things which we see every day? I would not have you content with what is said in books, whether small or great. You must get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours.

All around you there is abundant material for you to inquire about. In a ramble by the river or through the fields, with eyes and ears open, there are many lessons to be learned. Listen to the wind as it blows, look at the clouds rolling overhead, notice the pebbles in the stream so round and smooth, and ask yourself, "Why and how are all these things?"

Remember that besides the printed books that you use at home or at school there is the great book of Nature which each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life.

It is this great book — Air, Earth, and Water — that I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that certain events take place. Do not let anything pass without trying to find out something about it. For instance, try to learn something new about the storm and the

flooded river which we saw in our walk. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions. Never rest until you find the reason for what you see going on around you.

In this way even the most common things will come to have a new interest for you. Wherever you go there will be something for you to observe, — something that will serve to increase your pleasure. You will thus learn to use your eyes quickly and correctly. This habit of observation will be of the utmost value to you, no matter what may be the path of life that lies before you.

— Archibald Geike.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
From whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.

—*Psalms.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— Mary H. Krout.

THE BOYHOOD OF ULYSSES S. GRANT

Jesse Root Grant was a young tanner who lived in Clermont County, Ohio. It is said that his ancestors belonged to a Scottish clan whose motto was "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure."

His grandfather was a soldier in the French and Indian War, and his father was a lieutenant in the Revolution.

Birthplace of Ulysses S. Grant.

Jesse Grant was proud of his ancestors. He tried to honor their memory by his own upright life, and often said that "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure," was just as good a motto for an American as for a Scotchman. He was so honest and industrious that he was respected by all who knew him.

After he had saved enough money to build a house he married Hannah Simpson. Their new home was at Point Pleasant near the Ohio River. The country around them was rough and wild. Indians prowled

in the forests, but the young people were not troubled by them.

Young Grant whitewashed his cottage inside and out. He planted seeds for vines at the doorway and made a gravel walk to the gate. Hannah wove mats for the floor and put curtains at the windows and hung all her new bright tins on the wall.

On the 27th of April, 1822, the first baby came into the home of this happy couple. It was a great event for the whole neighborhood. Many names were proposed for the newcomer, but the doting parents were not satisfied with any of them.

One day Hannah said: "This will never do. See what a big boy he is already. He must have a name. Let us drive over to father's and ask him about it."

And so baby Grant was bundled up and taken to Grandfather Simpson's in search of a name. Grandfather and grandmother and two aunts were at the door to receive him.

"What is his name?" they all cried in a breath.

"Well," said Hannah, "Jesse wants one name and I want another, and you shall decide."

"Well, well," said Grandfather Simpson; "let us

vote for the name. Bring pen and ink, and write the name you like best on a slip of paper. We will then put the ballots into a hat and shake them, and the one drawn out first shall be the baby's name."

The smiling old farmer held out the hat and all the ballots were dropped into it. Little did he think that his grandchild would some day be made President of the United States by votes!

The hat was shaken with a will, and then a slip of paper was taken out: "Ulysses!" said Hannah. "It's just the name I wanted."

When Ulysses was nearly a year old, his father moved to a little village not far from Cincinnati. He built a house near a creek which emptied into the Ohio River, and established a tannery to make skins into leather.

Ulysses grew very fast and was petted by everybody. One day, when he was two years old, there was a celebration of some kind in the village. Many people were on the streets. Jesse Grant held Ulysses high up in his arms to see the procession.

"Hello, Ulysses!" said a boy with a pistol in his hand. "Want to shoot? Let him fire it, Mr. Grant."

The father put the baby fingers to the trigger. Bang! went the pistol. The women screamed; but Ulysses did not wink or dodge.

"Fix it again! Fix it again!" he shouted in glee, and again the report of the pistol rang out.

"He'll make a general, sure," said a bystander.

Ulysses often played in the tan bark near the mill. He saw trading flatboats float down the Ohio River loaded with apples, cider, and corn; and family barges carrying settlers farther west. And sometimes a steamer passed by, with loud whistles and a great deal of smoke.

When he was older he ground tan bark for his father by driving around in a circular path a horse hitched to a bark mill. He learned to swim and dive in a deep hole in the creek. He skated, and trapped rabbits in winter; and he amused himself all the year round much as other boys do.

He was not very brilliant at school. He was shy and slow, but because he was diligent he always succeeded in what he attempted to do.

"Believe that you can and you can," said Ulysses.

He was never known to tell a lie. His honest blue eyes looked straight into the eyes of his playmates, and they believed whatever he said.

He sometimes brought his young friends home with him to spend the night. The boys would gather about the kitchen hearth, where the fire blazed high, and play checkers or tell riddles, while they ate apples or cracked hickory nuts. Then, after a game of fox and geese, they would go to bed in the loft overhead.

The first book that Ulysses read was a "Life of George Washington." One time he came near being punished because he defended the name of the Father of his Country.

It came about in this way: his cousin John, who lived in Canada, made him a visit. Because Canada belonged to England, John was loyal to his king, and he thought the United States ought to be an English province.

He said to Ulysses, "Your boasted Washington was a traitor when he fought against King George."

"You say that again and I'll thrash you," shouted Ulysses.

"I do say it again," said the little Canadian.

Both boys had pluck. Coats were off in an instant, and the battle waxed fierce between the American eagle and the British lion.

In the end John lay sprawling on the ground. When Ulysses went into the house, his mother saw

that he had been fighting. So she made ready to punish him with a birch rod.

But his father said: "I do not think you ought to whip him. He has never quarreled with his cousin before. He fought in defense of his country, and he *ought* to defend his country." And so the boy escaped punishment.

From the time he could walk, Ulysses showed great love for horses. When he was about seven years old, he climbed up into the manger, put a collar and harness on a young colt, and then made the animal haul brushwood all day long.

At ten he drove a team of horses with some leather from Georgetown to Cincinnati, and brought passengers back in the wagon with him. He would ride bareback standing on one foot while his horse ran at full speed.

Once there was much excitement among the young people about a trick pony that came to town with a circus. It was said to go round the ring like lightning and throw any one who tried to ride it. Ulysses sat among the boys looking quietly on as the pony was led out into the ring.

"Will some one step up and ride this pony?" asked the jockey, smiling and bowing.

At once, and without saying a word, Ulysses mounted the pony. It began to kick and plunge; and when the little rider kept his seat, it ran round the ring at full speed. Then out jumped a monkey and sprang on the boy's shoulder and pulled his hair, while the pony ran faster than ever.

But the silent Ulysses sat bolt upright. He did not smile. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. The monkey chattered; the pony drooped its ears; Ulysses had conquered; and the audience roared with laughter as the mortified jockey led his animals away. — Alma Holman Burton.

From "Four American Patriots."

THE BLUEBELL

There is a story I have heard —
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word —

A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came — but not to mar;

For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

—Unknown.

HELPFULNESS

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain:
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson.

GOOD NIGHT

Now fades the sun, and one by one
The stars gleam soft and fair;
No robin sings, no swallow wings
Its eager flight in air;

But only silent dews distill,
To fall in fairy rain;
And only whispering breezes thrill
The hush of grove and plain.

The lily slumbers on the lake,
Where not a ripple stirs;
The hare lies crouched amid the brake,
The partridge 'neath the firs.

And down the lawn the roses droop
Their crimson and their snow;
And poppies hide their scarlet pride
And wait the hour to blow.

Good night! good night! the moon will light
The east before the dawn;
And stars arise to gem the skies
Where these have journeyed on.

Good night! and sweetest dreams be thine
Through all their shining way,
Till darkness goes, and bird and rose
With rapture greet the day.

— Edna Dean Proctor.

APPENDIX

PRONOUNCING KEY AND WORD LIST

THE following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's International Dictionary. Silent letters are printed in italics; obscure vowels are not marked.

The list includes the more difficult words of the lessons in this book not listed in the lower numbers of the series.

ā	māte	ī	pīne	u̇	rude	ow	cow
ă	măt	ĭ	pĭn	u̇̆	full	c	can
ä	järr	ī̆	sīr	ů	ůnite	ç	çent
a̤	ba̤ll	i̇	i̇dea	û	fûr	g	get
â	âir	ō	nōte	ȳ	mȳ	ġ	ġem
å	åsk	ŏ	nŏt	y̆	cit̆y	s	so
å	prefåce	o̤	do̤	o͞o	mo͞on	s̱	as̱
ē	mē	ô	ôr	o͝o	fo͝ot	ch	chair
ĕ	mĕt	o̊	o̊bey	oi	oil	eh	school
ẽ	hẽr	ū	ūse	oy	toy	th	thin
e̊	e̊vent	ŭ	ŭs	ou	out	th	the

a̤=ŏ	what	o̤=o͞o	mo̤ve	-tion = shŭn	
ã=ẽ	cel lãr	o̊=ŭ	so̊n	-sion = shŭn	
ê=â	thêre	õ=ẽ	sailõr	-s̱ion = zhŭn	
e̲=ā	the̲y	ô=a̤	ôr	-tient = shĕnt	
ĩ=ẽ	bĩrd	o̤=o͝o	wo̤lf	-cious = shŭs	
ī=ē	polīce	n̲=ng	in̲k	-tious = shŭs	

å bŭn′dant	Ăr′ăb	bŏnd′mĕn	cär′pĕt ed
å būse′	Ăr′å bĭc	bōrne	căt′er pĭl lăr
ăc çĕpt′ed	är′mōr	Bôs′ton	ca.u′tious lў
ăc′çĭ dent	ăr rĕst′ed	boun′tė ous	çease′less
ăd mĭ rā′tion	ärt′ĭst	bra.wn′ў	Çĕd′rĭc
ăd mĭt′ted	ăs çĕnt′	brĕak′fast	çēil′ing
ăd vīçe′	ăs tŏn′ĭsh ment	brĕast′wŏrks	çĕl′ė brăt ed
Æ′sŏp	å sŭn′dĕr	brĕath	çĕn′tū rĭes
ăf fōrd′	Ăt lăn′tĭc	brēathe	çēr′tain lў
å flōat′	ăt tĕnd′ant	brĭl′liant	chām′bēr lain
Ah′mĕd	å wâre′	(-yant)	chăn′nĕl
aisles	a.w′ful	Brĭt′tà nў	ehăr′ăc tēr
å lâs′		Brown′ie	cheer′ĭ lў
A lās′kan	băck′wārd	Bru.′ĭn	chīld′ĭsh
Äl′cŏtt	bāde	Bru.′nō	Chĭ nēse′
Ăl′içe	băg′gā.ge	bŭm′ble bee	chĭs′ĕl
å lĭt′	băl′lŏt	bûr′den	Clēr′mŏnt
ăl lowed′	bälm	bûr′dŏck	clĕv′ĕr ness
Ălps	ba.l′sam	bûrst	clōse′lў
å māzed′	băp′tĭsm	bus′ĭ lў (bĭz-)	clōthes
À mĕr′ĭ can	bė gu.īle′	bus i ness	clŭm′sў
ăm mū nĭ′tion	bė hōōves′	(bĭz′nĕs)	còm′fŏrt å ble
ăn′çes tŏr	bĕn′ė fĭt		cŏm mō′tion
ăn.′grĭ lў	Bĕr gĕt′tà	cälm′lў	còm′pà nў
ăn′them	bė stōw′	Căn′å dà	cŏm pâre′
ăn.xious	Bĕth′lė hĕm	cà năl′	cŏm pĕl′
A pŏl′lŏ	Bē′vĭs	cà no.e′	cŏm plāin′
ăp′pė tīte	bĭrch	căr′å văn	cŏm plāint′
ăp prōach′	bŏb′bĭns	căr′ŏl	cŏm plēte′
ăp pro.ve′	Bŏg′gărt	cär′pĕn tēr	cŏm pŏ sĭ′tion

cŏm′răde
cŏn çē*a*l′
cŏn′çẽrt
Cŏn′cord
cŏn fẽssed′
cŏn fū′şion
cŏn′quer (*-kẽr*)
cŏn ṭā*i*n′
cŏn tĭn′ŭe
cŏn vẽr sā′tion
cŏr rĕct′lў
coun′çĭl
coun′sĕl
coun′sĕl ŏr
coûr′tẽ *o*ŭs
cōurt′ier (*-yẽr*)
co*u*ş′*i*n
cow′slĭp
cō′zў
cra*w*l′ing
crēam′ў
crĭn′kled
crō*a*k′ing
crowd′ed
cuck′o͞o
cŭp′bo*a*rd (*kŭb-*)
Cū′pĭd
cū′rĭ *o*ŭs
cûr′ta*i*n
cush′ĭon
cŭs′tom ẽr
Dăf′fў down-dĭl′lў
dā*i*′lў
dā*i*n′tў
dā*i*′rў
dān′ġẽr *o*ŭs
dā*y*′brea̅k
dĕ*a*lt
de çē*i*t′fụl
dĕl′ĭ cā çў
dĕl′ĭ cāte
dẽ lĭ′çious
dẽ lĭv′ẽred
Dĕm′ĭ
dĕpths
dẽ scẽnd′
dẽş′ẽrt
dẽ şẽrved′
dẽ şīre′
dẽs′ō lāte
dẽ spâ*i*r′
dẽ stroy′
dẽ tẽr′mĭne
dīke
dĭl′ĭ ġĕnçe
dĭl′ĭ ġent
dĭ rĕc′tion
dĭs å gree′å ble
dĭs ăp prọv′al
dĭs cŏn tĕnt′ed
dĭş′mal
dĭs mā*y*′
dĭs trĕss′
dĭ vĭ′şion
Dŏn′dẽr
dou*b*t′fụl
drĕ*a*d′fụl
drĕnche*d*
drĭv′en
drīve′wā*y*
drou*gh*t
Dŭm′lĭng
Dŭtch
dwạrf
ē*a*′gẽr
ē*a*′gẽr lў
ẽe*h*′ō
ẽe*h*′ō ing
ed ū cā′tion
Ed′wĭn
Ef′fĭe
ef′fẽrt
E′ġўpt
ĕlf
ĕlve̅ş
ĕm′ẽr ald
Em′ĭl
ĕm′pẽr ŏr
ĕn dūre′
ĕn thū′şi ăşm
ĕn tīçed′
ĕn′trançe
ẽ rĕct′
ẽr′rand
ẽ vĕnt′
ĕx çẽpt′
ĕx çīte′
ĕx çīte′ment
ĕx clā*i*m′
ĕx cûr′sion
ĕx pĕct′
ĕx pē′rĭ ĕnçe
ĕx pōşe′
ĕx prĕss′
făc′tŏ rў
fā*i*th fụl
få mĭl′ĭăr
făn tăs′tĭc
fär′thẽr
făsh′*i*ŏn
fā′vŏr
fā′vŏr ĭte
fēa′tūre
fĕs′tal
fē′vẽred

fī′bẽr
fī′broŭs
fīd′dle
fī′nal
fīrm′lў
fīs′sūre
flĕ*dġ*′lĭng
floŭr′ĭsh
fŏre′*h*ĕad
fōre′mo̊st
fôr′tůne
fôr′wård
foun dā′tion
frā′grançe
Frăn̲k′lĭn
Frȧnz
frē′quĕnt
frĭn*ġ*ed
fū′ĕl
fu̥ll′nĕss
fûr′nĭshed

gär′land
gär′rĕt
gär′rĭ son
Gä′zȧ
*ġ*ĕn′tian(*-shan*)
*Ġ*ẽr′man
*ġ*ī′ant
gī′ant ĕss
gĭld′ed
glĭmpse
Glo͞os′kăp
glō′rĭ oŭs
glŏss′ў
*gn*a̤*w*
gŏb′lĭn
gȯv′ẽrn ŏr
grāçe′fu̥l
grēa̤sed
guĕssed
guĕst
guīd′ançe

hăb′ĭ tūde
hăm′pẽred
hănd′fu̥l
Hăn′nȧ*h*
hăp′pĭ lў
hăp′pĭ nĕss
Här mō′nĭ ŭs
Här′o̊ld

Hăs′săn
hā′trĕd
hĕalth
hĕalth′fu̥l
heärth
heärt′ĭ lў
hĕav′e̥n lў
Heī′dĭ
heī*gh*t
hĕlp′fu̥l
hĕm′lŏck
hĕr′ald
Hẽr′mēs̱
hė rō′ĭc
Hĕrr

hĕs̱′ĭ tȧte
hĭd′ė oŭs
hŏl′ĭ dȧy
Hŏl′lănd
*h*ŏn′ŏr
hŏ rī′zon
hŏr′rŏr
hŏs′tĭle
house′hōld
hū*e*

Hū*gh*
hu̥r rä*h*′
hŭr′rĭ cane

ĭm môr′tal
ĭm pôr′tant
ĭn crēase′
In′dĭ ȧ
ĭn hĕr′ĭt
ĭn quīre′
ĭn stĕad′
ĭn tĕnse′

ĭn tĕnt′lў
ĭn′tẽr ĕst
ĭn tru̥d′er
ĭn vĕs′tĭ gȧte
I′rĭs
Ĭ tăl′ĭan

jäu*n*′tў
Jĕs′sė
jew′el̥s
Jŏ*h*n′nĭe
joûr′ney
jŭ*dġ*′ment
jūi*ç*e
jŭmp′ẽr
Jū′nŏ
jŭs′tĭçe

kẽr′chĭef
kẽr′nel
*k*năp′săck
*k*neel
*k*nī*gh*t
*k*nĭt′tĭng
*k*nŏb
KrĭssKrĭn̲′gle

lāçe′līke
lā′dў bĭrd
Lănd′seer

Lăp′land
Lär′cȯm
lärk′spŭr
laugh′tẽr (*lăf-*)
lēa*f*′lĕt
lĕa*th*′ẽr
lĕv′e*l*ed
li*e*ū tĕn′ant
lī′lăc
lĭn′en
lĭve′lŏng
lŏb′stẽr
loi′tẽr
Lȯn′dȯn
Lo͝u ī′ṣȧ
Lō*w*′ell
Lū′çў
lŭl′lȧ bў̄

mȧ çhīne′
mȧ ġĭ′çian
măn′ȧġe
mān′ġẽr
măn ū făc′tŏ rў
mär′ġĭn
Mā′rĭ gōld
mär′vĕl
Mas sȧ chū′-
sĕtts
mȧ tē′rĭ al

mā*y*′ŏr
mĕd′ĭ çĭne
mĕd′ĭ tāte
Meek′-e*y*e
mĕl′an e*h*ŏl ў
mĕm′ȯ rў
mẽr′chan dīṣe
mẽr′chant
mẽr′çĭ fu͟l

mēre′lў
Mĕr′rĭ măc
mĕr′rĭ mĕnt
mĕs′sȧġe
mĕt′al
Mī′das
mĭd′dā*y*
mĭl′ĭ tȧ rў
mĭn′ĭ ȧ tūre
mĭn′strĕl
mĭs′chĭev *o*ŭs
mĭṣ′ẽr ȧ ble
mĭs fôr′tūne
moil
mȯ̆ lȧs′sĕṣ
mȯ̆ lĕst′
mōlt′en
mŏn′äre*h*
mŏn′stẽr
môr′tal
Mō′ṣeṣ

Mow′een
Mȯ̆′zärt
mŭl′tĭ tūde
mûr′mŭre*d*
mŭt′to*n*
mў̂r′tle
mў̆s′tẽr ў

Nȧ pō′lė on
När çĭs′sŭs
ne*igh*′bor
ne*igh*′bor ing
Nĭe*h*′ȯ las
nĭck′nāme*d*
nė̆ cū′lĭ ăr lў
pĕd′dlẽr
pẽr fôrm′ançe
pẽr′fūme
pĕr′ĭsh
pẽr mĭs′sion
pẽr mĭt′
pẽr′sė̆ cūt ed
pẽr ṣĭst′ed
pew′tẽr
Pĭc cō′lȧ
pĭc*k*′ẽr el
pi*e*rçe
pĭt′ė̆ *o*ŭs
pĭt′ĭ fu͟l
plĕa*s*′ūre

păn′niers
(*-nyērz*)
păn tȧ lo͞onṣ′
pȧ po͞ose′
păr′ȧ sŏl
pär′çel
pärt′nẽrṣ
pärt′nẽr shĭp
pā′tient lў
pāve*d*
pāve′ment
pā*y*′ment
pẽa*r*l
pĕa*s*′ant
pė̆ cū′lĭ ăr lў
pĕd′dlẽr
pẽr fôrm′ançe
pẽr′fūme
pĕr′ĭsh
pẽr mĭs′sion
pẽr mĭt′
pẽr′sė̆ cūt ed
pẽr ṣĭst′ed
pew′tẽr
Pĭc cō′lȧ
pĭc*k*′ẽr el
pi*e*rçe
pĭt′ė̆ *o*ŭs
pĭt′ĭ fu͟l
plĕa*s*′ūre

plī′ant
Plŭm′fi̇ēld
pō′ĕt rў
pŏp′lār
pôr′cū pīne
pōr′tẽr
pōr′tion
pō′ṣĭeṣ
pŏṣ ṣĕss′
pŏṣ ṣĕs′sion
pŏs′sĭ blў
pōul′trў
pŏv′ẽr tў
pow′ẽr fu̇l
prė̇ çĭ′ṣion
prė̇ fẽr′
prė̇ fẽrred′
prĕp ȧ rā′tion
prĕṣ′ent lў
prė̇ ṣẽrve′
prĭm′rōṣe
prĭn′çĭ pal
prŏ̇ grĕss′
prŏm′ĭse
prŏp′ẽr tў
prŏph′ė̇ çў
prŏ̇ pōṣe′
prŏs′pẽr
prō vĭṣ′ions
pŭn′ĭsh mĕnt

pûr′pȯse
pûr sūe′

quāint
quaṇ′tĭ tў
quĕnched
quī′ĕt lў
quĭv′ẽr
quōth

rĕm′bl*e*
rē′al lў
rē′çent lў
rė̇ çĕp′tion
rė̇ flĕct′ed
rė̇ fūṣe′
rĕg′ĭ ment
rē′ġi*o*n
rė̇ hē*a*rs′al
rė̇ hēa*i*n′dēr
rė̇ māi*n*′dēr
rĕm′ė̇ dў
rė̇ pâ*i*r′
rĕs′cūe
rĕṣ′ĭn
Rē*o*tch′man
rē*y*′nārd
rh*ȳ*me
rh*ȳ*m′ing
Rĭch′ārd
rĭd′dl*e*
rī*gh*t′eous
(*-chŭs*)
rīght′eous nĕss
rĭv′ŭ lĕt
Rōl′lĭn
roy′al
rŭn′ȧ wā*y*

sā′crĕd
săd′dl*e*
sȧ lūte′
săs′sȧ frăs
săt′ĭs fȳ
säu*n*′tẽred
scăm′pẽred
scârçe′lў
scär′lĕt
scăt′tẽred
Scŏtch′man
Scŏt′tĭsh
sȯme′bŏd ў
screech
sȯm′ẽr sĕt

sĕlf′ĭsh
sĕlf′ĭsh nĕss
sĕp′ȧ rāte
sē′rĭ *o*us
sĕt′tlẽr
sĕs′sion
sė̇ vēre′
shăg′gў
shĕp′*h*ẽrd
shĭv′ẽr
sho*o*′māk ẽr
shȯv′el
shri̇ēk
shrīne
sīde′wa*l*k
Sĭmp′sȯn
sĭn′ewṣ
skĭll′fu̇l lў
sleep′ĭ lў
sle*igh*
slĕn′dẽr
slĭp′pẽr ў
smē*a*r
sneeze
sŏl′ĭd
sŏl′ĭ tā rў
sŏm′bẽr
sȯme′bŏd ў
sȯm′ẽr sĕt
sō*o*th*e*d

sŏr′rel
spär′rō*w*
spĕ′çĭal
spĕc tā′tŏrs
spĭn′dl*e*
splĕn′dŏr
spȯng′ĭ
squäsh
squēa*k*
stăt′ūe
stĕa*d*′fȧst
stĕa*d*′ĭ
stȯm′a*ch*
strāi*gh*t
strŭg′gl*e*
sŭc çeed′ed
sŭc′cŏr
Sū ĕz′
sūi*t*
sŭl′trĭ
sŭm′mĭt
sŭp′pl*e*
sûr prīse′
swa̤l′lō*w*
swa̤rd
swa̤rth′ĭ
Swĭss
Swĭt′zẽr land
sỹl′van

tāi′lŏr
tăn′nẽr ĭ
te*a*̂rs
tĕn′ants
tĕn′ẽ mĕnt
thi*e*̄ves
thĭrst
thĭs′tl*e*
thrīç*e*
thrō*a*t
thrŭsh
thŭn′dẽr bōlt
tī′nĭ
Tō′bĭ
toil′sȯm*e*
Tŏm′mĭ
tŏngs
tȯng*ue*
tôrch′es
tôr mĕnt′ed
tôr′toĭse
to*u*r
trăv′ĕl
trăv′ĕled
trăv′ĕl ẽr
trĕa*c*h′ẽr o*u*̆s
trĕa*d*′ing
trĕa*s*′ūr*e*
trī′al

trĭc′klĭng
trough (*trôf*)
trou′sẽrs
trŭ*dg*ed
trŭst′wŏr thĭ
tûr′ban
tûr′bȯt

U lỹs′sēs
ŭn dẽ çīd′ed
ū′nĭ fôrm
u̇n tī′dy
ū′sŭ al
ŭt′mōst

văl′ŏr
văl′ū å bl*e*
va̤l′ūe
văn′ĭshed
văn′ĭ tĭ
vĕs′sel
vĭc′tĭm
Vĭ ĕn′nȧ
vĭne′yärd
vī′ŏ lĭn′ĭst
Vĭr g̊ĭn′ĭ å
vĭs′ĭ bl*e*
vĭs′ĭt ŏr
Vĭx′*e*n

voy′åg*e*

Wa̤′ bŭn
Wa̤l′tẽr
wa̤m′pŭm
wa̤r′rĭor
wĕ*a*lth
wĕ*a*lth′ĭ
wē*a*′rĭ lỹ
wĕ*a*th′ẽr
we̲*igh*t
wha̤rf
whĭthẽr
Whĭt′tĭ ẽr
Whĭt′tĭng tȯn
wĭl′dẽr nĕss
wĭth′ẽred
*wr*ăp′pẽr
*wr*ĕst′lĭng
*wr*ĭg′gl*e*
*wr*ĭng′ing

zĭg′zăg

LIST OF AUTHORS

Abbott, Jacob. An American clergyman and writer of juvenile books; born in Maine, 1803; died, 1879.

Alcott, Louisa May (ŏl'kŏt). A favorite American writer of children's stories; born in Pennsylvania, 1833; died, 1888.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey (ạl'drĭch). An American poet and prose writer; born in New Hampshire, 1836.

Andersen, Hans Christian. A Danish author, favorite writer of fairy tales; born in Denmark, 1805; died, 1875.

Asbjörnsen, Peter Cristen (ŏz'byôrn sen). A noted Norwegian writer of folklore stories; born, 1812; died, 1885.

Baldwin, James. An American author and educator; born in Indiana, 1841; author of "The Story of Siegfried," etc.

Beard, Daniel Carter. An American artist and author; born in Ohio, 1850; author of "The American Girl's Handy Book."

Brooks, Charles T. An American clergyman and writer; born in Massachusetts, 1813; died, 1883.

Burton, Alma Holman. An American author and educator; born in Indiana; author of "The Story of Lafayette," etc.

Butts, Mary F. An American writer and teacher; born in Rhode Island, 1836.

Chorley, Henry Fothergill. An English author and musical critic; born, 1808; died, 1872.

Cooke, Flora J. An American teacher; author of "Nature Myths and Stories."

Cooke, John Esten. An American writer; author of books relating to the South; born in Virginia, 1830; died, 1886.

Coolidge, Susan (Sarah Chauncey Woolsey). A favorite American writer for children; born in Ohio, 1845.

Cooper, George. An American writer; author of many delightful poems for children.

Craik, Dinah Mulock. A noted English novelist and miscellaneous writer; author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; born, 1826; died, 1887.

Crockett, Samuel Rutherford. A popular English novelist; born in Ireland, 1860; author of "Bog Myrtle and Peat," etc.

Dickens, Charles. A celebrated English novelist; author of "David Copperfield" and other famous works; born, 1812; died, 1870.

Dickinson, Emily. An American poet; born in Massachusetts, 1830; died, 1886.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. A celebrated American essayist and lecturer; born in Massachusetts, 1803; died, 1882.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia. An English writer of stories for children; born, 1842; died, 1885; author of "The Land of Lost Toys," etc.

Geikie, Archibald (gē'kĭ). A Scottish geologist and writer; born at Edinburgh, 1835; author of "Text-book of Geology."

Gordon, Bertha L. An American writer for educational and juvenile periodicals.

Grimm, Jacob Ludwig. A noted German writer of folklore stories and fairy tales; born, 1785; died, 1863.

Harrison, Elizabeth. An American writer of children's stories.

Hawkes, Clarence. An American writer and lecturer on outdoor subjects; born in Massachusetts, 1869.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. A celebrated American writer; author of "A Wonder Book" and some famous works of fiction; born in Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864.

Hemans, Felicia D. (hĕm'anz). An English poet; author of many short poems formerly very popular; born, 1793; died, 1835.

Jackson, Gabrielle E. An American writer, chiefly of children's books; born in New York, 1861.

Jefferies, Richard (jĕf'rĭz). An English writer on outdoor subjects; born, 1848; died, 1887.

Kirkland, Joseph. An American lawyer and writer; born in New York, 1830; died, 1894.

Krout, Mary H. An American teacher and journalist; born in Indiana, 1857; author of "Two Girls in China."

Larcom, Lucy. An American writer; author of many delightful poems for children; born in Massachusetts, 1826; died, 1893.

Lathbury, Mary A. (lăth'bĕr rĭ). An American writer and illustrator; born in New York, 1841.

Leighton, Margaret W. (lā'ton). An American teacher and writer.

Lindsay, Maude. An American writer for educational and juvenile periodicals.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. A celebrated American poet; author of "The Song of Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and many other popular poems; born in Maine, 1807; died, 1882.

Moore, Clement C. An American educator and writer; born in New York, 1779; died, 1863.

Norton, Caroline E. An English poet and novelist; born, 1808; died, 1877.

Pabodie, William J. (păb'o dē). An American educator and poet; born in Rhode Island, 1812.

Prescott, Mary N. An American writer of magazine articles and children's stories; born in Maine, 1849; died, 1888.

Proctor, Edna Dean. An American writer of poems and short prose sketches; born in New Hampshire, 1838.

Rice, Carrie S. An American writer.

Richards, Laura E. An American author, chiefly of children's books; born in Boston, 1850.

Saunders, Bertha L. An American teacher.

Setoun, Gabriel (Thomas N. Hepburn). An English teacher and writer; born, 1861.

Sherman, Frank Dempster. An American poet and educator; born in New York, 1860.

Smith, Mary Howe. An American writer; author of a geographical reader.

Spyri, Johanna (spī'rĭ). A native of Switzerland; author of "Heidi" and other children's books written in the French language.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. A famous Scotch novelist and miscellaneous writer; author of "Treasure Island," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," etc.; born at Edinburgh, 1850; died in Samoan Islands, 1894.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher. A noted American writer, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; born in Connecticut, 1812; died, 1896.

Tennyson, Alfred. A celebrated English poet, author of "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," and many well-known shorter poems; born, 1809; died, 1892.

Thaxter, Celia. An American poet and writer for children; born in New Hampshire, 1835; died, 1894.

Trowbridge, John T. An American editor and author of children's books; born in New York, 1827.

Venable, William H. An American poet and educator; born in Ohio, 1836.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. A celebrated American poet, author of "The Barefoot Boy," "Snow-Bound," and many other popular poems; born in Massachusetts, 1807; died, 1892.